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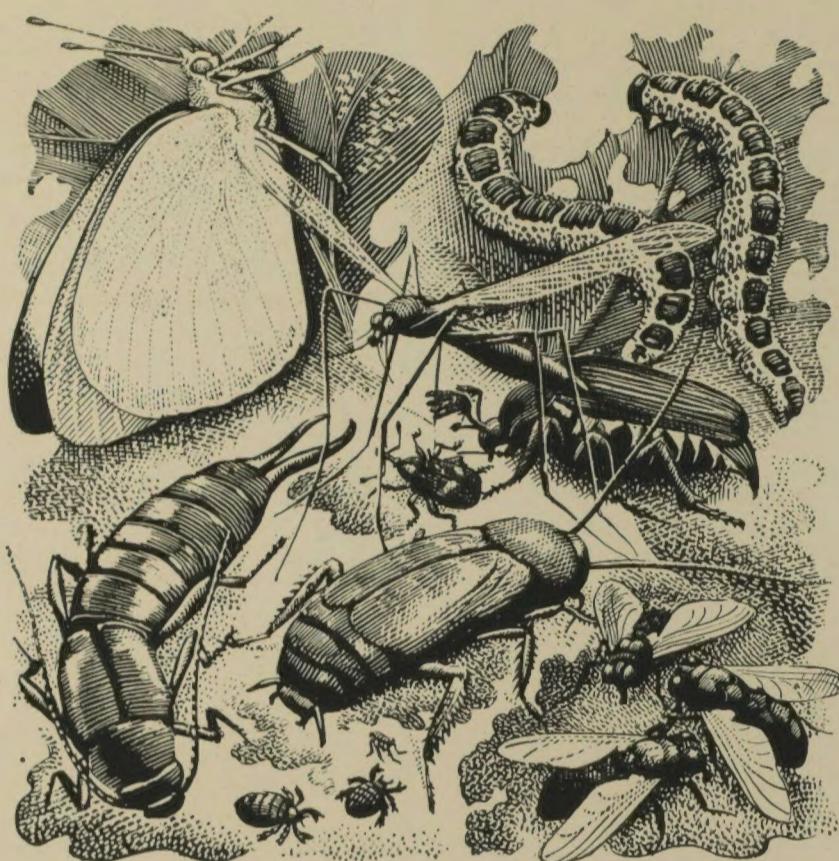


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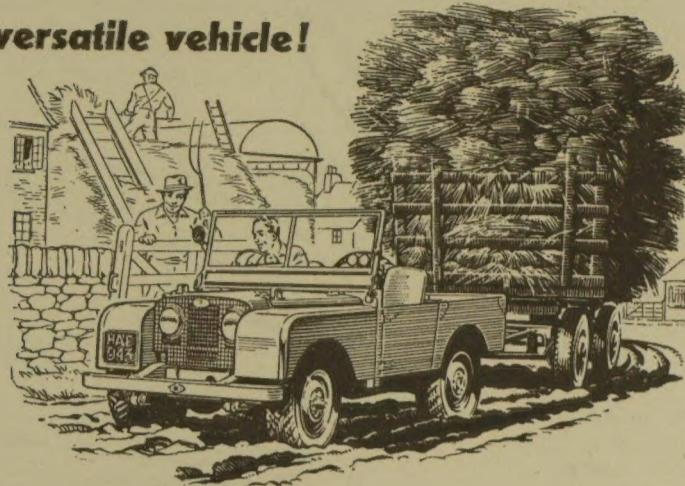
ARSENIC

ARSENIC is a steel-grey, brittle, crystalline substance that is sometimes found free in nature. It also exists combined with sulphur or oxygen as an impurity in the ores of lead, copper or gold, and is produced commercially as a by-product of winning these metals. By far the largest producer is a mine at Boliden in the North of Sweden, but arsenic is also recovered during mining operations in Australia, Brazil, Canada and the United States. Arsenic may suggest weedkillers — or even "Old Lace" — but, though a large amount

of the world's output is used for killing weeds and insects, it is also employed in many other ways. It is used, for example, in glass making, and by the textile industries in connection with dyeing and calico printing. Arsenic is also an ingredient of some sheep dips, wood preservatives and medicinal preparations.

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may depend on full stopping-power.

To be ready for that moment, have your brakes checked *regularly*. Adjustment, if needed, is simple. When at last they need relining, follow your repairer's advice to fit Ferodo linings—standard on most British vehicles, supplied in correct grades for *every* make in the world.

Here's a reminder of two jobs together: **Test your brakes when you change your oil—every 2,000-3,000 miles.**

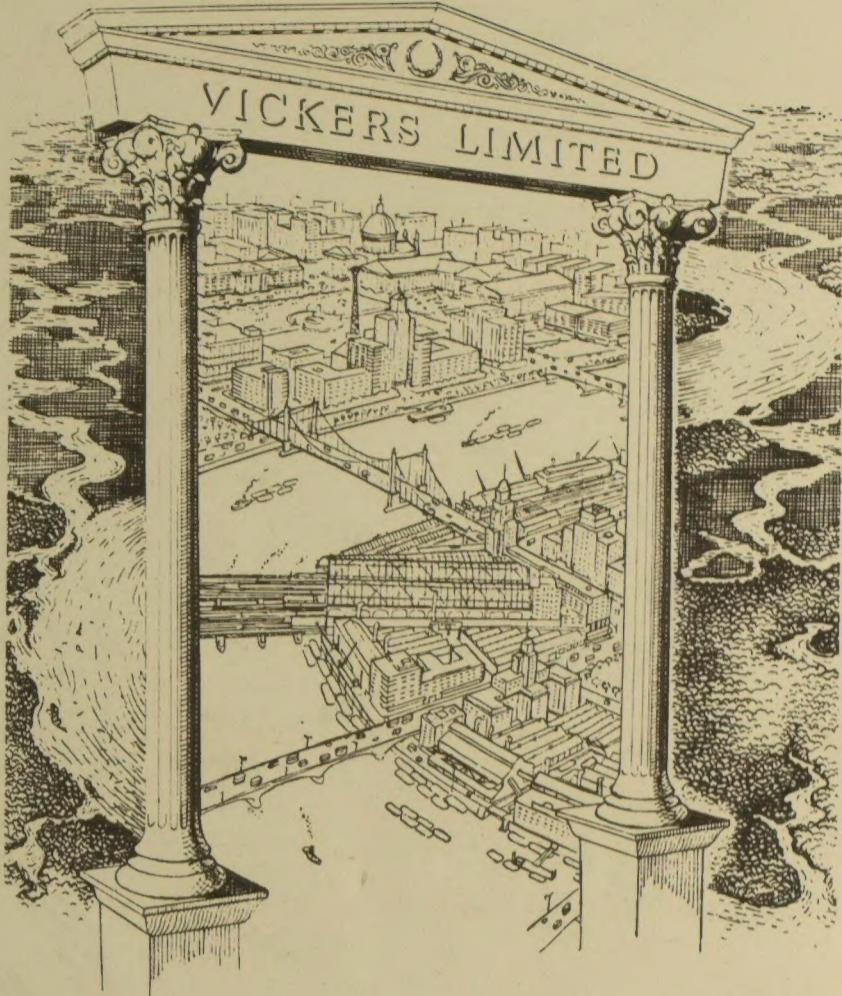
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1951.



A PROJECTED WEAPON FOR THE BRITISH INFANTRY: THE E.M.2 SELF-LOADING 7MM. CALIBRE RIFLE.

The new British .280 (to be known as 7 mm.) calibre E.M.2 self-loading rifle was demonstrated on August 10 at the School of Infantry, Warminster. Our photograph shows the chief features of the new weapon: (A) Optical sight on carrying handle which needs no mechanical adjustment for use at different ranges; (B) cocking-handle for setting the mechanism preparatory to firing; (C) forward moulded grip; (D) pistol-grip; (E) change stud from single shot to automatic; (F) magazine holding twenty rounds of rimless .280 ammunition. The E.M.2 rifle was demonstrated alongside the standard British No. 4 .303 rifle and the

U.S. Garand .30 self-loading rifle, and, fired at a figure target at 200 yards for one minute, got off 84 rounds, every one on the target, compared with the Garand's 43 rounds and 28 from the bolt-operated British No. 4. It is claimed that recruits can fire 60 rounds a minute with the new rifle, and the prospect of turning every man into a light machine-gunner, though it may compensate for poor marksmanship, must raise questions of ammunition supply. Other photographs of the E.M.2 and a new light machine-gun designed to fire 7 mm. ammunition appear on another page in this issue.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT was a hillside of beeches in a western coomb that first taught me to love England. The air smelt wooingly there; 800 ft. above sea-level it was free from the lazy, enervating languors of our south-western shires, yet, for all its vigorous breezes and clear, starry winter nights, balmy with the tenderness which is the West's peculiar benison to our people. One came on it down a winding drive whose white-trunked beeches were like the pillars and tracery of some great Gothic cathedral; then, suddenly, the trees opened out on to a clear green space of lawn riding above a steep, sloping park and, before one, stretched at ease on the sunny hillside under its high crown of beeches, an old, grey, plain stone house with a slated roof and a Regency verandah as unassuming as the vista around and beyond was breath-taking. Below were the trees of the park, two lakes with rushes and willows on their northern banks, and, beyond these, rising like a wall closing in the valley to the south, a high forest of oaks and beeches stretching in unbroken glory for nearly two miles. Above the encircling woods, whole armadas of stately rooks constantly wheeled and swooped about their business, making morning and evening musical with their anthems. Only to the east was there any break in the encircling horizon of trees, far enough from the eye to give the sense of space, yet near enough to induce an indescribable feeling of security: guarded by those beloved woodlands, by the unbroken peace of the green English shires beyond, and by the fleets of England that rode, invisible but invincible, still unchallenged arbiters of the world's seas. For where the valley opened out to meet the rising sun the horizon of trees ended and a horizon of chalk downs took its place, noble and bare, some four miles distant. Peace, gentleness, beauty were the guardian and ever-present spirits attendant on this place; spirits which had been evoked out of the long English centuries by the courage, labour and piety of the men and women from whom one derived one's blood.

This was my boyhood's second home: the day-dream of many an exiled hour in city street, in school, in camp. Here all the journeys of imagination ended. I used to lie awake at the beginning of a new term at school, conquering in fancy the stubborn miles and interminable weeks that separated me from my heart's desire, speeding in imagination between the dusty hedgerows of a still unspoilt England towards the spired cathedral town in the West and the cool avenues and winding lanes of ancient cultivated valleys eaten out of the chalk through the centuries by sparkling trout-streams, each more sacred to me than the one before, because nearer the place I sought. I saw in my dreams the grey Norman church on the hillside, where one day I shall lie, the high hazel hedges between which slow horses dragged enormous loads of hay or mangels in bright-coloured, curved wagons of antique design, the little Gothic-windowed lodge with its brightly-painted white gate at the entrance to the beech woods, the drive whose every bend and tree and bush were symbols of boyish adventure, romance or dream, the sudden gasp of excitement as the woods began to drop away into space and that ever-new, never-changing vista of enchantment came into sight.

The woods are partly felled to-day, the beechwood paths overgrown, the lawns uncut, the grey-walled flower garden, with its fifteenth-century arches, bare of flowers. Inside the house damp runs from the unfurnished walls, the *lares et penates* of half-a-century's loving care have vanished, the bare boards and hearths reproach one for their emptiness. There is the secret staircase, formerly hidden behind a curtain, down which one of the grown-ups, during a Christmastide game of "sardines" in a darkened house, suddenly fell with a wonderful litany of imprecations new to a boy's ears; the unpainted greenhouse from which, sent to collect tomatoes for the luncheon of some unexpected and, so far as I was concerned—for at that age I hated all callers—

unwanted guests, I returned, to the gardener's later and uncontrollable horror, with the entire stock of his next year's seed plants, all of which the visitors, with polite faces, meekly devoured; the once chintz-hung room, its walls papered with roses and its windows framed in wistaria, where the pretty cousin with whom I first fell in love used to sleep, and whose door I was henceforward wont to pass with half-averted eyes, and the hushed, adoring steps of an acolyte of a new religion. It was a room, ordinary as any other room on my sixteenth birthday, which by my seventeenth had become to me unspeakably sacred and, strangely enough, still remains so to this day, though the object of my adoration ceased to flutter my too susceptible heart more than thirty years ago, and has long since watched the romances of her own children flowering. Outside that very window I tore in early days, the engine of an express train, with my brother trailing behind me at the end of a walking-stick, as the Glasgow express set out on its long journey down the woodland paths, hurtling round perilous bends below which the imaginary passengers, had they chosen to look out, could have seen the emerald green of the park between the shining trunks of the beeches, and puffing and whistling up sandy hills, crushing acorn and mast beneath its iron wheels or, rather, rubber soles. And there, too, on the sloping lawn—in the selfsame spot, but in another age—I disastrously let go the handle of an iron roller, as a cousin, a member of his school band, practising his trombone under a cedar-tree, emitted a sudden, agonised trumpeting from the abominable instrument. I can still see the roller flying through space, as it cleared the terraces of the tennis court and, diving through a hedge, bounded at gathering speed, from ridge to ridge and mole-hill to mole-hill down the slope of the park, scattering, curveting, tail-flapping cows in a wild panic, until it plunged with a sickening splash into the waters of the lake.

There is nothing very unusual about such memories. Many hundreds of thousands of English boys and girls in the past, including many of my own contemporaries, must have had similar ones. Nor can time, the ultimate house-breaker and tree-feller, rob me of what it once gave me: of the deeply-felt emotions and impressions with which that lovely tract of English earth, made doubly beautiful



WINNING THE "FLYING FIFTEENS" EVENT AT COWES: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE HELM OF HIS YACHT COWESLIP, WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO HIM BY THE PEOPLE OF COWES.

One of the most stirring happenings on the opening day of Cowes Week, August 6, was the victory in the Flying Fifteen class of the Duke of Edinburgh in his yacht *Coweslip*. It is believed to be the first time that a member of the Royal family has been at the helm of a winning yacht since the days when King George V. raced *Britannia*. The Duke of Edinburgh, with Mr. Uffa Fox—designer and builder of *Coweslip*—as crew, made none too good a start, being thirteenth to cross the line, but they passed the finishing line at the end of the five-mile course in 1 hour 1 min. 59 secs., beating the next astern by 17 seconds.

Photograph by Beken and Son, Cowes.

by English love and labour, endowed me, making out of them the pattern of a living and, for all one can know, indestructible soul.

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly.

And if, as seems only too possible in our unstable, destructive age, the very semblance of what I knew so well and loved so much vanishes as though it had never been; if the house, like so many other once happy English homes of a more spacious, less egalitarian time, can never be a home again, if the woods are felled and the landscape that has matured and blossomed through the centuries is robbed of its beauty and identity by the forces of an impersonal and unseeing State, what has been for me and for others will still be, and nothing will have power to change that unchangeable fact. Yet, though he cannot stop time which is his school of manhood and training for eternity, man within time can be master of his environment, can make or mar it for others, can create or destroy. The destruction of the beauty of England's countryside in our time is something that marks us with the stigma of irresponsibility and barbarism, something that is utterly unnecessary, that serves no social or other purpose, and can, by an effort of national will and intelligence, be averted. And I hope I shall live to see this, and many another beautiful place that others have loved, retaining its beauty and serving its age-long purpose of making men love England in a new age and under new forms.

DISASTERS ON LAND AND SEA.



RESCUED AFTER HIS YACHT CAPSIZED IN ROUGH SEAS OFF DOVER: CAPTAIN JOHN FRENCH BEING APPROACHED BY THE PILOT BOAT *JUNE ROSE* ON AUGUST 12.



A SEA RESCUE AT HASTINGS: THE CREW OF THE YACHT *SHANZU* BEING BROUGHT ASHORE BY BREECHES BUOY—THE YACHT LATER BROKE UP.



AN AIR DISASTER IN WHICH A LORRY DRIVER WAS KILLED: THE WRECKAGE OF A HARVARD AIRCRAFT IN ST. MARY'S STREET, ELY.

On August 12 a yacht which was to have taken part in a regatta, postponed on account of the weather, capsized in Dover Harbour, and the two occupants, Captain John French, of the Buffs, and Miss Pamela Youden, were rescued by the pilot boat *June Rose*. On the previous day the yacht *Shanze* went aground off Hastings near the pier, and in spite of efforts to save her, the crew had to be brought ashore by breeches buoy, and the yacht later broke up in the heavy seas. Wreckage from the yacht was scattered for over half a mile along the beach, and parts of the hull became lodged among the promenade extension piles. The engine and other gear were salvaged. On August 9, a Harvard trainer of Flying Training Command, from the R.A.F. station at Feltwell, Norfolk, crashed into St. Mary's Street, Ely, Cambridgeshire, wrecking a lorry, the driver of which was killed. The pilot of the aircraft and his pupil were seriously injured.

NEW BRITISH INFANTRY 7 MM. WEAPONS.

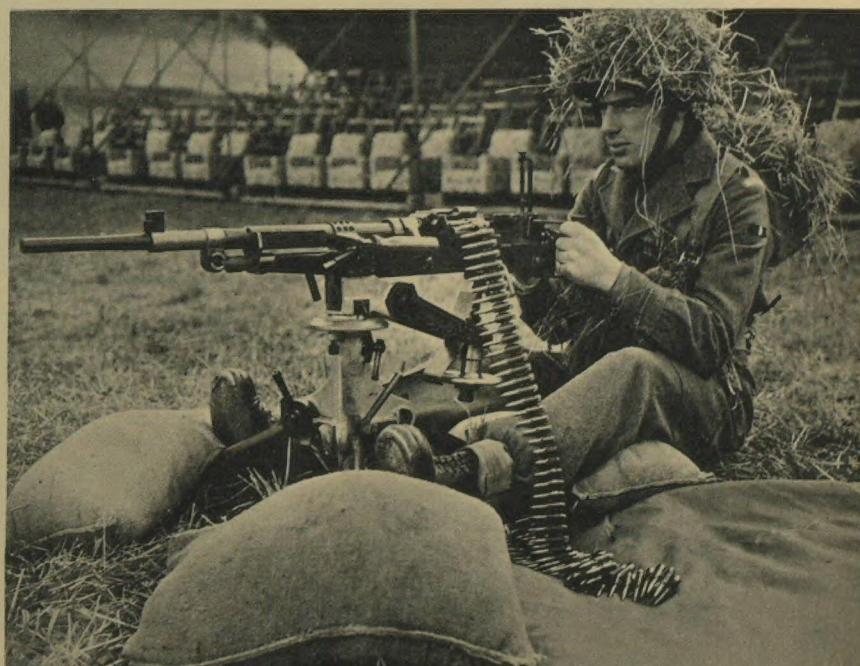
On our front page we show the new .280 calibre E.M.2 rifle (now classed as 7 mm.) recently demonstrated at the School of Infantry at Warminster, with its main features lettered and described. Here we show the weapon compared with the standard British single-shot, bolt-operated No. 4 rifle, which is nearly a pound heavier. Between the wars it was often claimed that the bayonet was obsolete as an infantry weapon, but experience in war showed that it still could be used with considerable effect. The standard No. 4 rifle was therefore provided with a needle-like bayonet which, however, was not as impressive as the earlier type. The E.M.2 is also provided with a bayonet which, though not as long as the earlier type, is broad-bladed. It was reported on August 13 that the Australian Army is to adopt the E.M.2 rifle. A sustained-fire machine-gun which may replace the Vickers medium machine-gun was also demonstrated.



THE OLD AND THE NEW COMPARED: (LEFT) THE E.M.2 7 MM. SELF-LOADING RIFLE, WITH BROAD-BLADED BAYONET, AND (RIGHT) THE STANDARD NO. 4 .303 RIFLE.



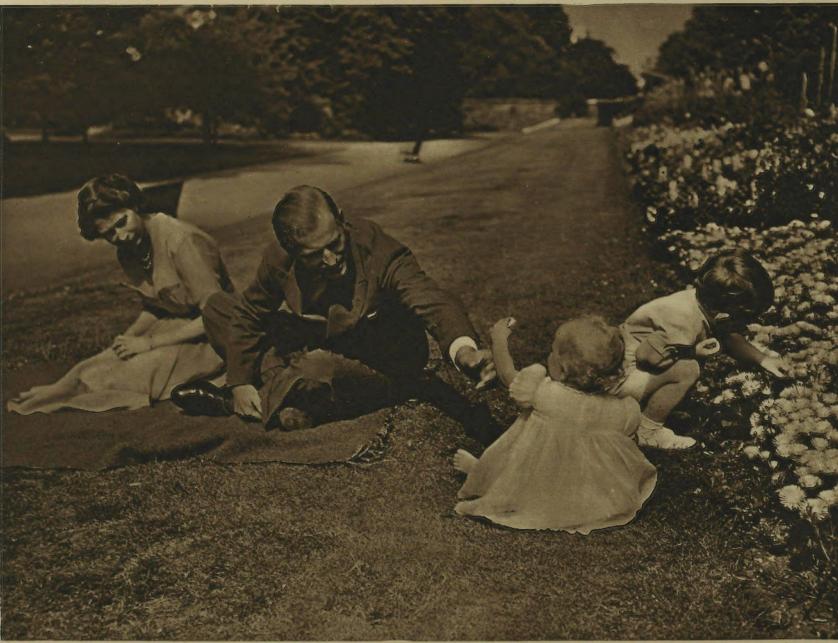
SHOWING THE USE OF THE MOULDED FORWARD GRIP AND THE POSITION OF THE 20-ROUND MAGAZINE: THE E.M.2 RIFLE IN THE FIRING POSITION.



INTENDED TO REPLACE THE VICKERS MEDIUM MACHINE-GUN: THE EXPERIMENTAL BELT-FED SUSTAINED-FIRE MACHINE-GUN WHICH, LIKE THE E.M.2, USES 7 MM. AMMUNITION.



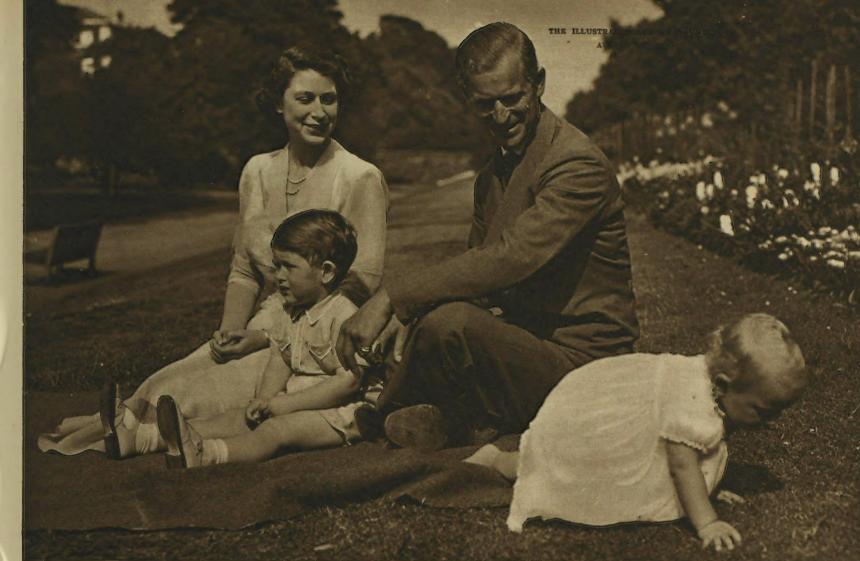
WITH PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS ANNE, WHO CELEBRATED HER FIRST ANNIVERSARY ON AUGUST 15: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



A FLOWER FOR THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH FROM HIS DAUGHTER: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND HER HUSBAND WITH PRINCESS ANNE AND PRINCE CHARLES—AN INFORMAL GROUP.

THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE THRONE WITH HER HUSBAND AND CHILDREN IN THE GARDEN

These informal photographs of T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh with their children were taken recently at Clarence House, their London home, and show the Heir Presumptive to the Throne and her Consort enjoying a summer's afternoon playing in their garden with their son and daughter, undisturbed—for a short space—by duties and cares of State. Prince Charles will be three on November 14 next, and Princess Anne on August 15 celebrated



PRINCESS ANNE, AGED ONE YEAR, GOES "EXPLORING": PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WATCH, BUT PRINCE CHARLES'S THOUGHTS ARE ELSEWHERE.



PRINCE CHARLES IN THE ARMS OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AND PRINCESS ANNE, WHO FINDS IT FUN TO PUSH HER FATHER'S FACE, HELD UP BY PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

OF CLARENCE HOUSE: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT HOME.

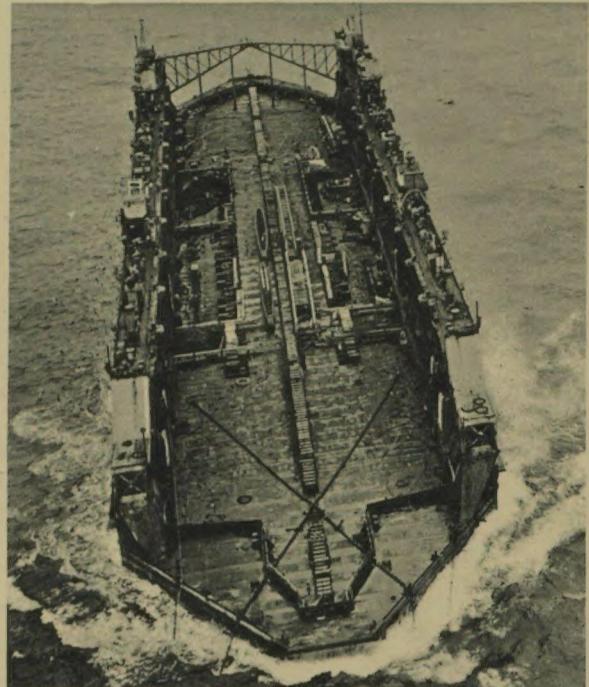
her first anniversary at Birkhall, her parents' Scottish residence, where they are now spending their summer holidays. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh are due to leave Liverpool for Canada on September 25, and will carry out an extended itinerary which will take them all over the Dominion. Their visit to Washington, D.C., as guests of the President of the United States, is fixed for October 24-26. They are due to sail for home on November 5.

THE PERSIAN OIL CONFERENCE; SWISS FLOODS AND ITEMS OF HOME NEWS.



PRINCESS MARGARET IN CARLISLE: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, ACCOMPANIED BY THE MAYOR.

On August 8 H.R.H. Princess Margaret visited Carlisle to see a pageant covering 1900 years of Border history. Her Royal Highness attended a service of youth in the Cathedral and inspected the new Border Regiment memorial chapel. After touring the city's industrial exhibition the Princess took luncheon in the Crown and Mitre banqueting-hall.



NEARING THE END OF A 2500-MILE TOW FROM BERMUDA TO FALMOUTH: THE ADMIRALTY'S NO. 5 FLOATING-DOCK.

The Admiralty's No. 5 floating-dock, which formed part of H.M.S. Maia, the recently-closed dockyard in Bermuda, has been towed 2500 miles from Bermuda to Falmouth for a refit by the naval tugs *Reward*, *Warden* and *Prosperous*. The dock is 682 ft. long and 153 ft. wide and can take 14,000 tons of shipping. The 22,000-ton dock was built in 1910 and was at Alexandria from 1939 to 1945.



IN "FORTUNE'S WHEEL": KING JAMES AND QUEEN JOANNA (BRYDEN MURDOCH AND DORIS BRUCE).

During the Edinburgh International Festival (August 20 to September 8) the Unicorn Players of Edinburgh are staging in the Central Hall a new historical play on the life of King James I. of Scotland by Christine Orr and Robin Stark. The title of the play, "Fortune's Wheel," comes from "The King's Quair," the long poem written by the King in his English prison.

THE ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL NEGOTIATIONS IN TEHERAN: MEMBERS OF THE TWO DELEGATIONS SEATED AT THE CONFERENCE TABLE IN THE SAHEB GHARANIEH PALACE. THE PERSIAN DELEGATES ARE SEATED ON THE LEFT OF THE TABLE.

After the British delegation's fourth meeting with the Persians in Teheran, Mr. Richard Stokes, Lord Privy Seal and leader of the British delegation to the oil talks, announced that he was going to present the first definite set of proposals to the Persian delegation and said: "I am satisfied there is every intention on the Persian side to arrive at agreement." President Truman's special representative, Mr. Harriman, visited the Shah and the Prime Minister, Dr. Mossadeq, on August 11—his first intervention since the Lord Privy Seal, Mr. Stokes, arrived on August 4. The oil talks have been held in the conference room of the Saheb Gharanieh Palace ("Palace of the Ill-omened King"), five miles outside Teheran.



DESTROYED BY STORM AND FLOOD: THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT SAMEDAN, A WELL-KNOWN SUMMER AND WINTER SPORTS CENTRE IN THE UPPER ENGADINE.

The recent storms in Switzerland caused widespread damage in the cantons, Ticino and Grisons. Floods and landslides cut the St. Gotthard railway line and road in four places, stopping all traffic between Biasca and Lugano. Samedan, in the Upper Engadine, suffered severe damage, the railway bridge was virtually destroyed, and the 18-hole golf-course was under 7 ft. of water. Some nine inches of rain fell in a single night.



THE SUMMER PEACE OF THE UPPER ENGADINE TRANSFORMED BY HEAVY STORMS: RAGING FLOODS WHICH BROUGHT HAVOC IN THEIR WAKE.



REGATTA WEEK AT COWES: LEADING YACHTS IN THE INTERNATIONAL SIX-METRES CLASS COMPETING IN ONE OF THE EVENTS. THE UNITED STATES LLANORIA (RIGHT) CAME IN FIRST ON FIVE CONSECUTIVE OCCASIONS, BUT ON AUGUST 9 WAS DISQUALIFIED AFTER FINISHING FIRST.



THE FESTIVAL REGATTA IN LONDON: A VIEW OF THE JUNIOR EIGHTS RACE ON THE SERPENTINE, WHICH WAS WON BY THE WESTMINSTER BANK R.C. THE REGATTA ON THE HALF-MILE SERPENTINE COURSE PROVIDED SOMETHING OUTSTANDING IN LONDON EVENTS.

A TRADITIONAL REGATTA AND A NEW LONDON ONE: RACING AT COWES AND ON THE SERPENTINE.

Although Cowes Week closed in a downpour of rain and half a gale of wind, much of the racing was superb and provided a fitting climax to an annual event which was described this year as the most successful in recent memory. The total number of boats coming to the starting-line on some days exceeded 400. From August 9 to 11, London held its own regatta on the Serpentine, the Festival

Regatta, which was sponsored by the *Evening News*. It is said that the last occasion on which there was organised boat-racing on the Serpentine was in 1821, when four boats competed in honour of the coronation of George IV. Therefore this year's regatta, with nearly 200 rowing and 40 canoe entries, was something quite outstanding in London events.

THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL:
INTERNATIONAL ARTISTS.

MISS FLORA ROBSON, PLAYING PAULINA IN "THE WINTER'S TALE" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, EDINBURGH, OPENING AUGUST 23.



MISS DIANA WYNYARD, PLAYING HERMIONE IN THE TENANT PRODUCTION'S "THE WINTER'S TALE" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.



MR. BRUNO WALTER, WHO IS CONDUCTING THE PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK IN SEVEN CONCERTS AND APPEARING WITH MISS KATHLEEN FERRIER IN A LIEDER RECITAL ON SEPT. 6.



MISS FRANCES YEEND, AMERICAN SOPRANO, A SOLOIST FOR BEETHOVEN'S 9TH SYMPHONY ON SEPT. 2, AT THE USHER HALL.



MISS WALBURGA WEGNER, THE YOUNG SOPRANO TO SING LEONORA IN THE GLYNDEBOURNE "LA FORZA DEL DESTINO."



MISS MARGARET LOCKWOOD, TO PLAY THE FADING RÔLE IN SHAW'S "PYGMALION," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, OPENING AUGUST 20.



MME. MADELFINE GEOFFROY, OF THE THÉÂTRE DE L'ATELIER, PARIS, WHO ARE GIVING THREE PLAYS AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.



MISS MARTHA LIPTON, AMERICAN CONTRALTO, SOLOIST FOR THE NINTH SYMPHONY, TO BE GIVEN ON SEPT. 2, AT THE USHER HALL.



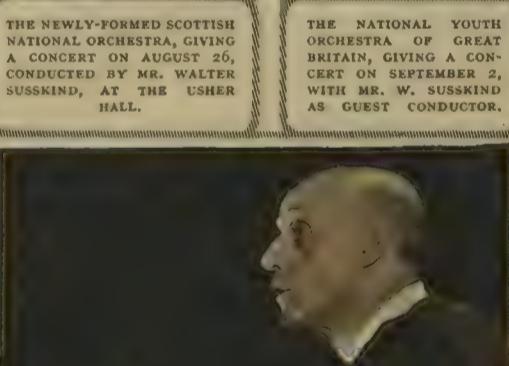
MISS KATHLEEN FERRIER, THE DISTINGUISHED CONTRALTO, SOLOIST WITH THE HALLÉ ORCHESTRA ON SEPTEMBER 7.



MR. DAVID POLERI, AMERICAN TENOR, TO SING DON ALVARO IN THE GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA PRODUCTION OF "LA FORZA DEL DESTINO."



MISS GENEVIEVE WARNER, AMERICAN SOPRANO, TO SING ZERLINA IN THE GLYNDEBOURNE "DON GIOVANNI."



THE NATIONAL YOUTH ORCHESTRA OF GREAT BRITAIN, GIVING A CONCERT ON SEPTEMBER 2, WITH MR. W. SUSSKIND AS GUEST CONDUCTOR.



MISS IDA HAENDEL, THE NOTED VIOLINIST, SOLOIST FOR THE OPENING CONCERT WITH THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.



MR. DAVID LLOYD, YOUNG AMERICAN TENOR, A SOLOIST FOR BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY, TO BE GIVEN ON SEPTEMBER 2.



MISS DOROTHY MACNEIL, AMERICAN SOPRANO, TO SING DONNA FLVIRA IN THE GLYNDEBOURNE "DON GIOVANNI."



MR. MACK HARRELL, AMERICAN BARITONE, SOLOIST FOR BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY, TO BE GIVEN ON SEPTEMBER 2.



MR. ROBERT CASADESUS, SOLO PIANIST, WITH THE PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK, AUGUST 29.



MISS CIOCONDA DE VITO, SOLO VIOLINIST WITH THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL ORCHESTRA ON AUGUST 26, CONDUCTED BY MR. W. SUSSKIND.

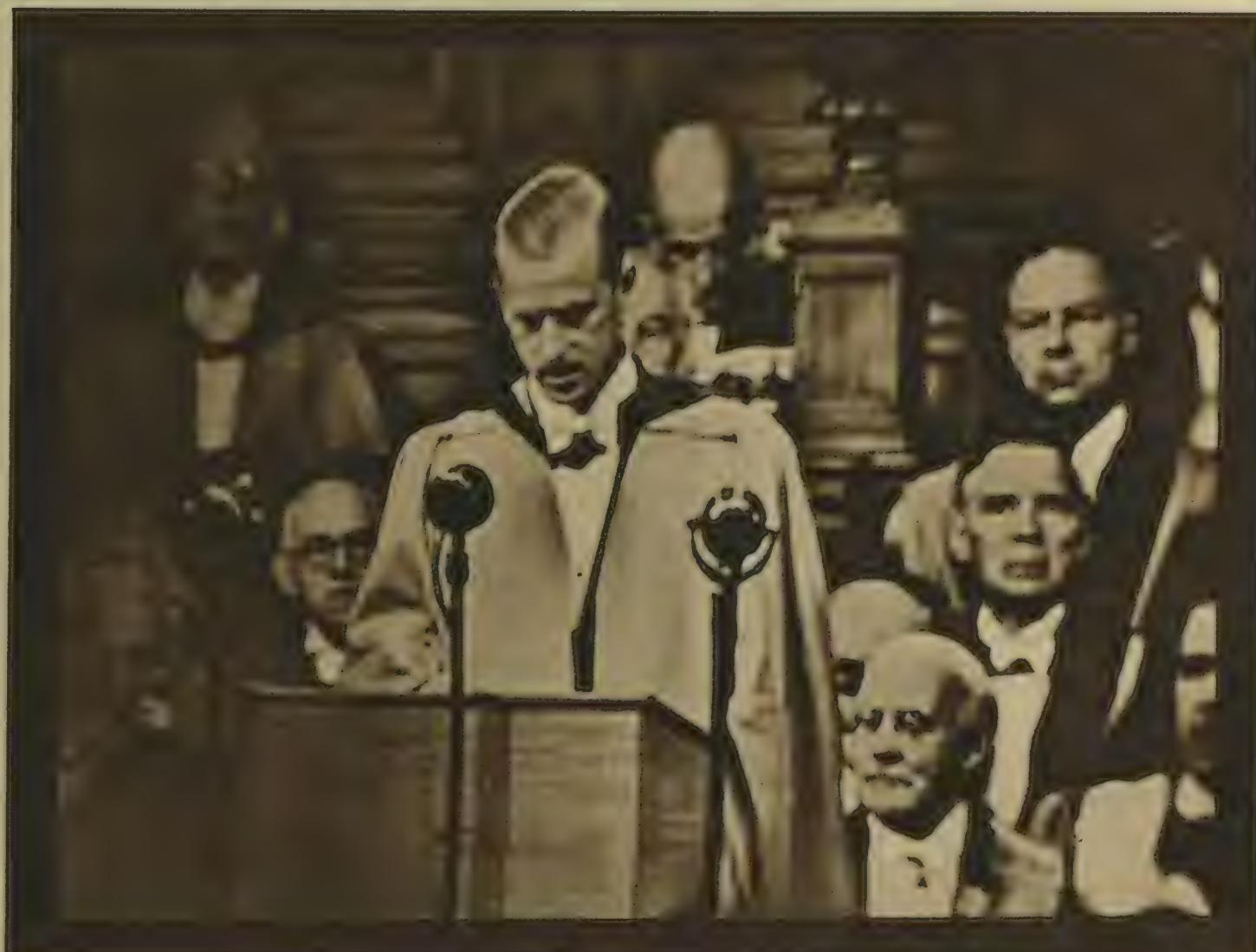
The dramatic attractions at the Fifth Edinburgh International Festival include "Pygmalion," with Margaret Lockwood, to be followed at the Lyceum Theatre by "The Winter's Tale" from the Phoenix Theatre, London, while during the last week the Théâtre de l'Atelier, Paris, will give "L'Enterrement" and "Le Bal des Voleurs," followed by "Le Rendez-vous de Senlis." The Orchestras to be heard include the Philharmonic-Symphony of New York,

who are making an exclusive European appearance with fourteen concerts in Edinburgh; the Hallé; the London Philharmonic; the Scottish National; the B.B.C. Scottish and the National Youth of Great Britain. No fewer than six young artists from overseas—five from America and one, Mario Petri, from Italy, are to make their Scottish début in the Glyndebourne opera productions of "Don Giovanni" and "La Forza del Destino."



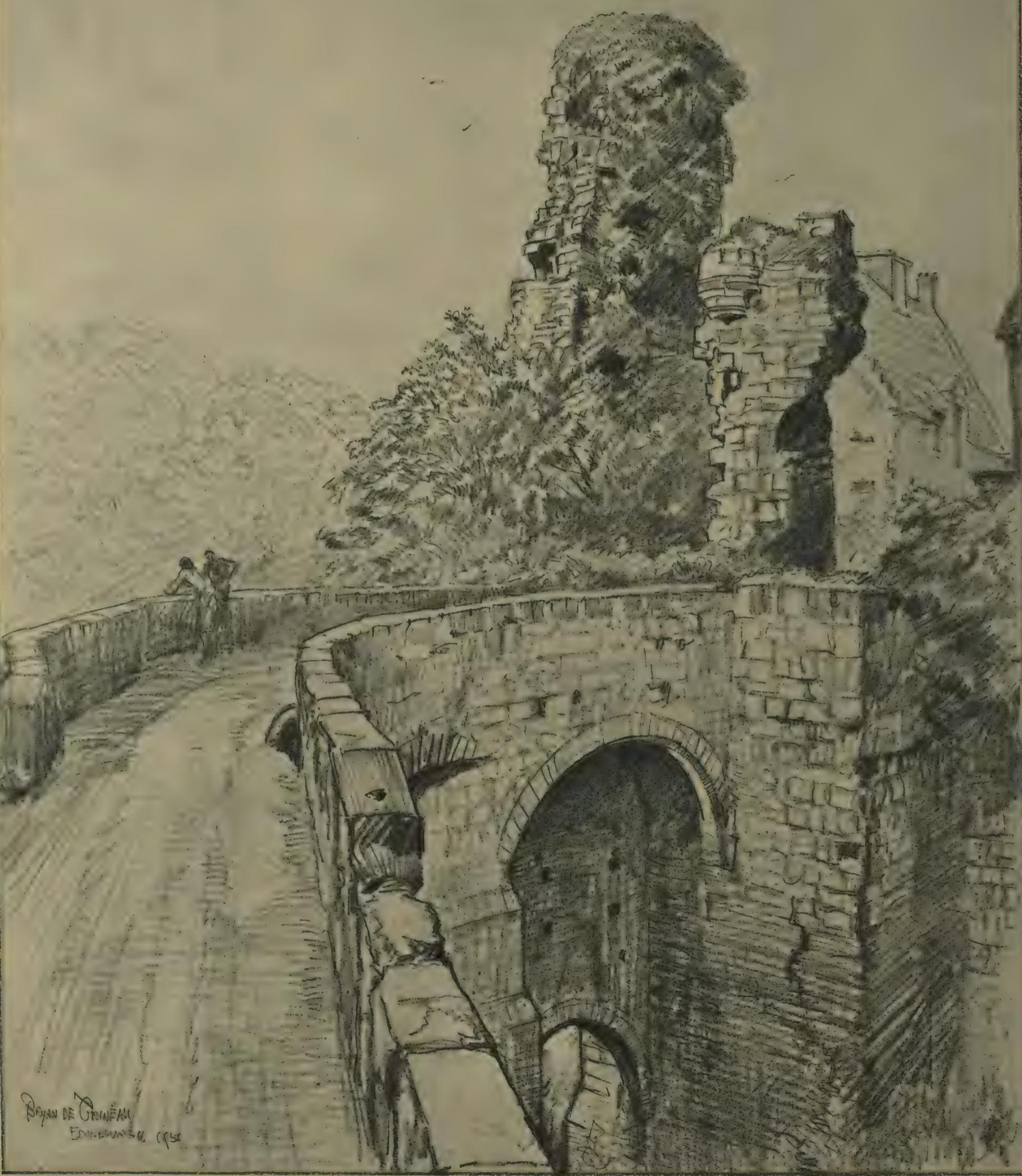
THE OPENING OF THE 113TH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE IN THE McEWAN HALL, EDINBURGH, ON AUGUST 8: A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, THE THIRD ROYAL PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION, MAKING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

AN audience of 2000 was present in the McEwan Hall of Edinburgh University on August 8 to hear H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh inaugurate the 113th annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Another 2000 people followed the proceedings by television at an overflow meeting in the Usher Hall. Before he made his inaugural address the Royal President received from the University of Edinburgh the honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws, which was conferred on him by the Chancellor, Lord Linlithgow. The subject of the Duke of Edinburgh's address was "The British Contribution to Science and Technology in the past 100 Years." It was revealed that the speech was composed while his Royal Highness was in command of H.M.S. *Magpie* in the Mediterranean, and that the first drafts were written on signal-pads. The Duke of Edinburgh is the third member of the Royal family to be president of the British Association. His great-great-grandfather, the Prince Consort, was president in 1859, and the Duke of Windsor, when Prince of Wales, in 1926. In his address the Duke said: "The pursuit of truth in itself cannot produce anything evil. It is in the later stage when the facts dug up enter the process of application that the choice between the beneficent and destructive development has to be made."



AS SEEN ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN BY THE OVERFLOW AUDIENCE IN THE USHER HALL: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SPEAKING AFTER RECEIVING THE HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY. [Photograph by "The Scotsman."]

THE THIRD ROYAL PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.



ONE OF SCOTLAND'S ROMANTIC RUINS: ROSSLYN CASTLE, THE APPROACH OVER THE DEFILE ONCE CROSSED BY A DRAWBRIDGE.

The Fifth International Edinburgh Festival of Music and Drama is due to open to-morrow, Sunday, August 19, with the now traditional service of Praise and Thanksgiving in St. Giles' Cathedral, and until it ends on September 8, the Scottish capital will be the centre of attraction for thousands of visitors from all parts of the world. Our Artist recently visited the fair city and made a series of drawings of notable and historic buildings in and around Edinburgh. Rosslyn (or, to use the modern spelling, Roslin) is within easy reach of the city's centre, and visitors should not fail to see its famous Chapel and Castle. The latter is grandly situated

on a steep promontory overhanging the River North Esk, which surrounds it on three sides. The earliest portions date from 1304 approximately, and other parts from 1417-50, 1582-97, the latest additions having been made in 1622. The present bridge, which gives access to the Castle, as shown in our drawing, is 50 ft. high, and as visitors pass under the archway through which kings and queens and heroes have entered the great fortress, the ruins of the earliest part—the Tower at the north-east corner—are visible. Built shortly after the battle of Roslin it was called the "Lantern" or "Lamp Tower."



A TRAGIC CORNER OF HOLYROODHOUSE: THE QUEEN OF SCOTS' BEDCHAMBER, WITH (L.) THE ROOM WHERE RIZZIO DIED.

The murder of David Rizzio, secretary to Mary, Queen of Scots, on March 9, 1566, is one of the most terrible episodes in the tragic life of that beautiful and ill-starred Queen; and visitors to the Palace of Holyroodhouse can hardly pass through the rooms where it occurred without being deeply moved by the story. Our Artist has illustrated the bedchamber of Mary, Queen of Scots, which is hung with tapestry, and has an elaborate ceiling with panelled compartments bearing the emblems and initials of Scottish sovereigns. The ancient bed, traditionally supposed to have belonged to the Queen, is not, however, according to Miss Agnes

Strickland, of the correct period. The small door open on the left is the entrance to the Supper Chamber in which Rizzio was attacked by Morton, Lindsay, and other conspirators, and the closed door gives access to a private staircase. Darnley and Ruthven and the other armed men crept up this and surprised the Queen at supper with Rizzio and other members of her *entourage*. Rizzio was dragged, shrieking, from the Queen's presence through the Bedchamber and the Audience Chamber to the head of the staircase, where the body, covered with stab-wounds, was left. A brass tablet marks this spot.



STANDING "GRANDLY ISOLATED . . . A LOVELY SIGHT AND AN EMBLEM OF OUR STRANGE HISTORY": CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE, BUILT IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY, A FAVOURITE RESIDENCE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, AS SEEN FROM LITTLE FRANCE, WHERE HER RETINUE WERE HOUSED.



THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE FROM THE ABBEY STRAND, THE FOOT OF THE CANONGATE AND FAR END OF THE ROYAL MILE: THEIR MAJESTIES' ANCIENT HISTORIC RESIDENCE IN EDINBURGH, SHOWING JAMES IV'S TOWER, PART OF THE ORIGINAL PALACE, WHICH ESCAPED DEMOLITION BY CROMWELL.

EDINBURGH'S ROYAL RESIDENCE, HOLYROODHOUSE, AND CRAIGMILLAR, A NEARBY CASTLE LOVED BY MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Visitors to the Edinburgh International Festival may turn their thoughts to Scottish history between visits to concert-hall and theatre, for it is recorded in noble and ancient buildings within and without the city. George Scott-Moncrieff wrote in "Edinburgh" of Craigmillar Castle that it is "a lovely sight and an emblem of our strange history." Built in the thirteenth century, it was an occasional though favourite residence of Mary, Queen of Scots. The "bond of

blood" before Darnley's murder was signed there. David I. founded the Abbey dedicated to the Holy Rood, the Virgin and All Saints, and it became a Royal residence. James IV. lived there and began building the Palace, a work continued by James V. In 1543 the English burnt much of it, and it suffered further destruction by Cromwell. He partially restored it, but his work was pulled down by Charles II. when he erected what was largely a new Palace.



SHOWING THE STRIKING PYRAMIDAL GATEWAY AND THE CORBELLED BALCONY FROM WHICH THE ARGYLL WEDDING PARTY MOCKED AT MONTROSE ON HIS WAY TO EXECUTION ON 21 MAY, 1650: MORAY HOUSE, BUILT IN 1628 BY MARY COUNTESS OF HOME, AND RESIDENCE OF CROMWELL WHEN HE STAYED IN EDINBURGH.



WHERE IN JUNE 1679, 1200 COVENANTERS TAKEN AT BOTHWELL BRIDGE WERE CONFINED FOR FIVE MONTHS IN CONDITIONS SIMILAR TO THOSE OF MODERN CONCENTRATION CAMPS: GREYFRIARS CHURCHYARD PRISON AND A VIEW OF SOME OF THE MONUMENTS WHICH THE CHURCHYARD CONTAINS.

HISTORY RECALLED IN FESTIVAL EDINBURGH: MORAY HOUSE AND THE COVENANTERS' PRISON IN GREYFRIARS CHURCHYARD.

Edinburgh for the next three weeks will be a Festival City in which visitors gather to hear fine music and drama, but those with a taste for history will at times be reminded of Edinburgh's grim past as they look at some buildings. For instance, when walking down the Canongate they may gaze up at the corbelled balcony of old Moray House, once the town residence of the Home and Moray families, and now a training college for teachers. From that vantage

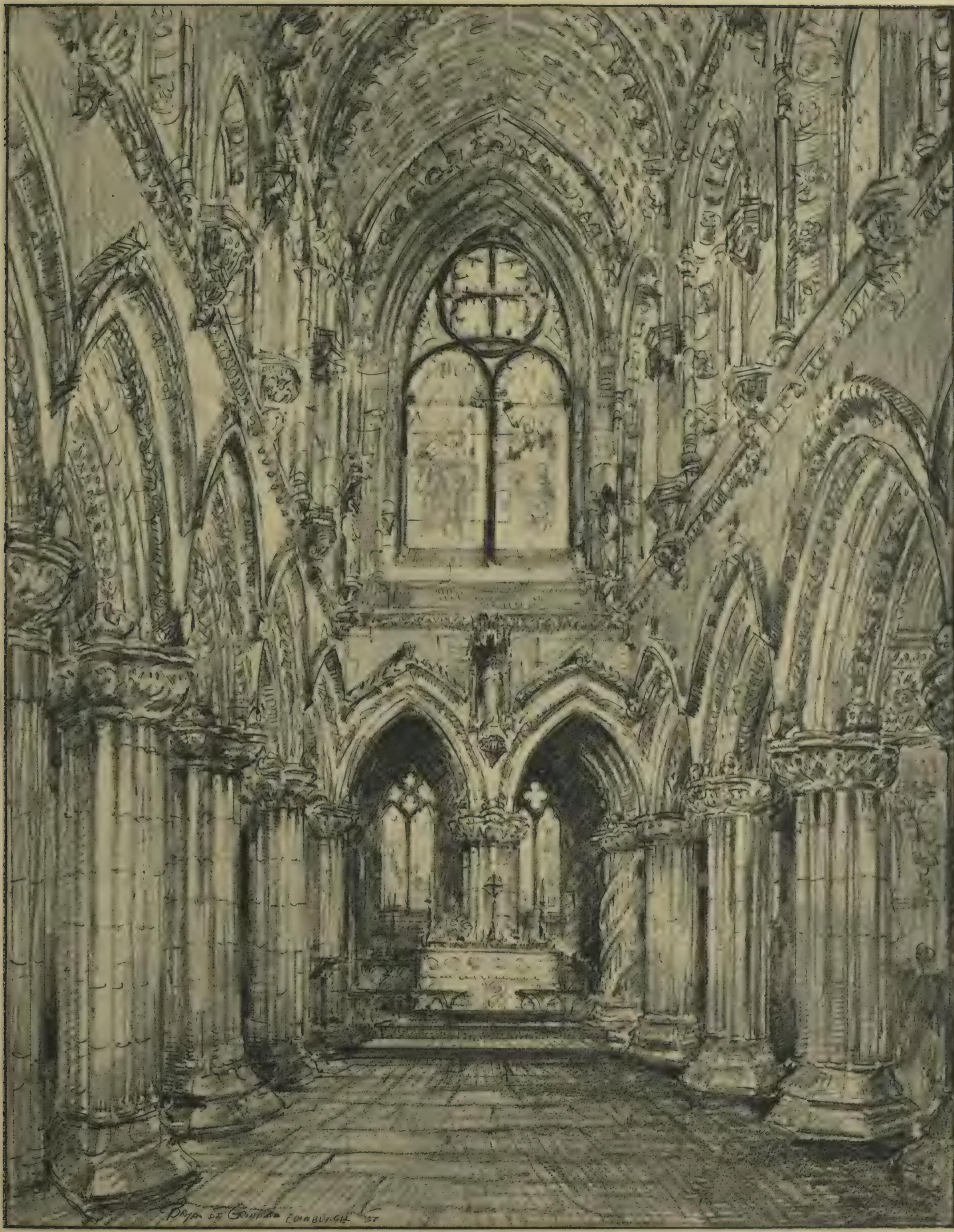
place Argyll and his son Lorn mocked at Montrose as he was drawn to execution on Lorn's wedding day; but later both Argyll and his bridegroom son made the same grim journey. Greyfriars Churchyard, formerly the Garden of the Franciscan monastery, contains some fine monuments; and the South Ground bears a plaque recalling that in 1679, 1200 Covenanters, taken at Bothwell Bridge, were imprisoned there for five months unhoused and almost unfed.



THE ROYAL MILE FROM CASTLE HILL; WITH ST. GILES (CENTRE), AND TOLBOOTH ST. JOHN'S TOWER IN THE FOREGROUND.

The Royal Mile is one of the most romantic thoroughfares in the world, and all visitors to the Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama, which is due to open to-morrow, August 19, are impressed by it. Our drawing shows the view looking down the Royal Mile from Castle Hill, with the King's Park and the Firth of Forth in the distance. Tolbooth St. John's Tower is on the right in the foreground, West Bow is on the left, and beyond the Gothic crown of St. Giles' the spire of the Tron Church may be distinguished, while the roof of the Assembly Hall is on the left. Sir William Brereton, an English Puritan

who visited Edinburgh in 1636, was deeply impressed with the High Street, and wrote that it was the "best paved street with bowther stones (which are very great ones) that I have seen. . . . This street is the glory and beauty of this city." He continued: "This city is placed in a dainty healthful pure air, and doubtless were a most healthful place to live in. . . ." George Scott-Moncrieff, in his book "Edinburgh," quotes Sir William Brereton and writes that at this period Edinburgh had "about 60,000 inhabitants all living in the Royal Mile, its sixty closes and wynds, and its immediate neighbourhood."



"A POEM IN STONE": ROSSLYN CHAPEL, A SUPERB EXAMPLE OF FLORID GOTHIC, JUST OUTSIDE EDINBURGH CITY.

On a preceding page we give a drawing of Rosslyn's "Castled Rock," and here we reproduce one of Rosslyn Chapel, often called "a poem in stone," whose name is familiar to readers of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," an edifice which inspired both Wordsworth and Byron. Founded in 1446 by Sir William St. Clair, third and last Prince or Earl of Orkney, it is a splendid example of florid Gothic. It shows clear signs of foreign influence—Spanish, Portuguese or Burgundian—but some authorities believe the workmanship to be entirely Scottish. It consists of a Choir of five bays, with north, south and east aisles and a Retro-Choir,

or Lady Chapel, and is but a part of what was intended to be the Collegiate Church of St. Matthew. The Choir stands upon thirteen shafted or beaded pillars, 8 ft. high, with carved capitals. The famous "Prentice Pillar" of elaborate workmanship is shown on the right, nearest the altar. Tradition says it was carved by an apprentice in the absence of the master, who on his return killed the young artist in a fit of jealous rage. After the battle of Dunbar, 1650, Cromwell's troops, desecrated the chapel and it was further damaged in 1688. It was restored in 1862 and is now used as an Episcopal place of worship.

BANTU LEGENDS RETOLD FOR EUROPEANS.

"BADOLI THE OX"; By MYLES BOURKE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

HERE is a book, printed and published in Cape Town, with lavish illustrations in colour. For all I know to the contrary, such *de luxe* publications may be common form in Cape Town; but this is the first of its kind which I have seen, and I may be allowed to congratulate the publishers on their success in general, and their success with the colour-plates in particular. They should also, especially at a time when the "colour-question" has reached so acute a point in South Africa, be congratulated on their choice of subject-matter.

"The Bantu," they state, "until the coming of the white man, had no written language of their own. Professional story-tellers handed down their stories from one generation to the next. This volume of stories is based on genuine Bantu legends, collected over a considerable number of years by the author, who has retold them, so as to appeal to the European reader." There are six stories: two from the Zulus, two from the Basuto, and one each from the Shangaan and the Amaxosa, the last being the story which gives its name to the collection.

Before I come to the intrinsic merits of the tales in English as tales, I must make some reservations as to the way in which they are presented to us. Mr. Bourke, we are informed, has retold them "so as to appeal to the European reader." The question is: how far, in the retelling, does he remove his readers from the minds, outlooks, and sentiments of the Africans from whom he collected them? He presents his stories to us as completely unencumbered by critical apparatus as though they had been original compositions of his own—there is not even a note. The reader who is interested in the races of mankind would like (however much he may enjoy fairy-tales of whatever derivation) some information as to the qualities and mutual relations of the Bantu tribes, and some clue as to their mythology or mythologies, that all sorts of details in these tales might be illuminated. And the curious about Bantu emotions and aesthetic responses is bound to deplore the absence here of what so easily might have been supplied, namely, a specimen tale, or some passages exhibiting as faithfully as possible the methods and expressions of the native narrators.

I am in no position to form an opinion as to how far Mr. Bourke's graceful adaptations may be taken as representing the equivalents in our speech of the Bantu originals. But, in the absence of any material

scarcely believe his eyes. The blue sky was visible far above, and the sun was shining on to the still surface of the water, which reflected the trees like a mirror, so that their reflections looked like real trees whose tops seemed to disappear into the bowels of the earth, for though the water was clear as crystal, he could not see the bottom of the pool. Every now and again a big bubble would come floating up out of the depths and burst into thousands of little ripples which spread from the very centre of the pool, and lapped against the grass on the banks with a sound



"THE LITTLE BIRD SWOOPED DOWN OVER THE BIG FISH THAT LAY AT MASILO'S FEET." ONE OF STELLA BAILEY'S DRAWINGS WHICH ILLUSTRATE "THE LAUGHING ROGUE," A STORY OF THE BASUTO, IN THE BOOK "BADOLI THE OX." Illustrations reproduced from "Badoli the Ox," by courtesy of the publishers, Howard B. Timmins, of Cape Town, and George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.

like whispering voices. As soon as the ripples disappeared, the water grew quite still again, and once more the tinkling of the stream was the only sound to be heard." Or take this again, from the same charming love-story—the picture of what the hunch-back cripple boy, so soon to be transfigured, found after he had plunged deep through a pool into a fairy underworld: "There was no longer any sun or trees or grass—nothing was the same. The light by which he saw seemed to permeate everything without having any definite source. It was soft and tinted with green, like sunlight filtering through a great depth of clear water, or through spring leaves in the heart of a forest, and there were no shadows. He seemed to be in a great cave, for here and there huge columns of rock reached up towards an unseen roof. He could not make out how big the cave was, for in the far distance the green light became a luminous haze, so dense that he could not see through it. Not far from where he sat a wide expanse of dazzling white sand sparkled and twinkled in a myriad colours like dew-drops in the early morning sun, and beyond it he could see the black waters of a deep lake. Above the sand hung long festoons of moss and ferns like the trailing branches of thousands of willow-trees, from each of which the water dripped continually, producing the delicious sound which had delighted him so much when he lay recovering from his painful journey. Close by his side a rock rose out of the mossy bank on which he sat, and clinging to it, he dragged himself on to his feet.

"Seliba!" he called, "Seliba, where are you?"

"In answer to his call, the same laugh that he had heard by the side of the forest pool filled the air all round him. He could not tell whence it came, for it seemed to float across the black waters of the lake, to trickle with the drops from leaf to leaf of the hanging ferns and to scamper happily in all directions over the sand. It trembled in the shimmering haze, it rose from the very moss at his feet, creeping mysteriously right into his body and racing through his veins like fire."

One never knows, of course! But if we have here a true indication of the response of the Bantu peoples to Nature and their propensities in style, it seems a pity that a knowledge of them was not made available more early. Walter Pater, I feel, who was so constrained by the vulgarity of modern England, might have found his kin in the kraals of the Basuto; and John Ruskin, exasperated here, might have migrated to Zululand and there, squatting on his haunches, with bracelets on his arms and his assegai and his knobkerrie by his side, have discoursed endlessly to an audience equally appreciative of his long periods about mountain-structure and vegetation, and the doctrines of his "Crown of Wild Olive."

The stories as they stand, however, are enchanting. Had they been published in the explanatory, academic manner which I suggested, I should have been the first to propose that, the students of anthropology and folklore having had their due, a smaller edition, divested of all scholarly trimmings, should be issued for the benefit of those who delight in fairy-tales and care nothing about their origins. That should still be done. For this edition will hardly reach the nursery. Mothers do not pay two guineas for books, however agreeably embellished with coloured drawings which might have been made by a Basuto acquainted with the works of Edmund Dulac and the Persian illuminators, in order that their riotous brats may rend them into pieces or their studious brats cover them with sooty thumb-marks.

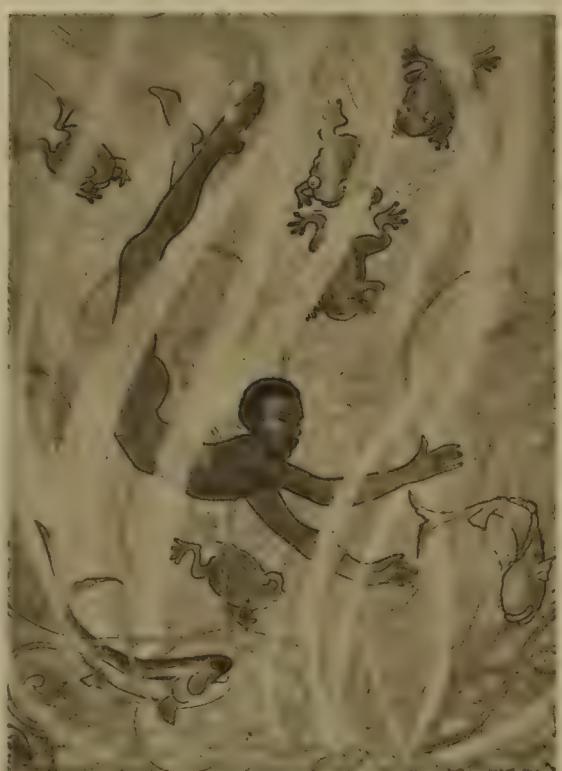
In a smaller edition these tales might be welcomed by anyone who ever loved Hans Christian Andersen, whose spirit is greatly akin to that of the Bantu or of Mr. Bourke, or of both. Many of the accessories are not his: crocodiles, hippopotami, and treasures which are stocked with cattle rather than gold and jewels. For his Emperor and Kings who are called "Your Majesty" there are Chiefs who are hailed as "Great Tiger" (an anatomism in Africa), "Great Elephant," and even "Great Beast"—which salute, were we to address it to one of our present rulers would, I fear, not evoke a gracious bow of acknowledgment but squeals about Parliamentary Privilege. But the core of the stories is familiar to all the breeds of mankind, save perhaps for a few who have never emerged from, or have reverted to, the Stone Age.



"FROM THEIR ROCK SALANI AND DEDEYA WATCHED. THEY SAW THE FOUR WINDS OF HEAVEN RACING ACROSS THE PLAIN." ONE OF STELLA BAILEY'S DRAWINGS WHICH ILLUSTRATE "THE MALAMBAONE TREE," A STORY OF THE SHANGAAN, IN THE BOOK "BADOLI THE OX."

for comparison I cannot but be tempted to think (though I may be wrong) that a degree of delicate sensibility is suggested which may be misleading. This is especially so in the many passages of elaborate natural description. Take, for example, this: "He had not gone far when he came to a big clear pool in the centre of a wide open space among the trees. All round the pool the grass was so green that he could

* "Badoli the Ox." By Myles Bourke. Illustrations and Decorations by Stella Bailey. (Howard B. Timmins, Cape Town; and George Allen and Unwin; 42s.)



"THEY TAUGHT HIM TO GLIDE THROUGH THE WATER AS GRACEFULLY AS THEY DID." ONE OF STELLA BAILEY'S DRAWINGS WHICH ILLUSTRATE "THE LAKE OF THE FROGS," A STORY OF THE ZULUS, IN THE BOOK "BADOLI THE OX."

Faithful love, the elevation of the humble, faith triumphant, the wicked receiving their deserts, brave boys making pilgrimage through a world of wonders, the service of animals, loving and beloved: all are familiar, but all come with a shock of freshness through being shown in novel surroundings and against a novel background of nature and custom.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 262 of this issue.



TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE ON AUGUST 21: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, TO WHOM
WE EXTEND OUR AFFECTIONATE AND RESPECTFUL GREETINGS.

Princess Margaret, younger daughter of the King and Queen, will be twenty-one years of age on Tuesday next, August 21, and we, in common with all the King's subjects, offer her our affectionate greetings and congratulations. She follows the splendid tradition of devotion to duty set by our Royal family, and her charming personality has made her one of the best-loved of Royal ladies. She is Commandant-in-Chief of St. John Ambulance Brigade (Ambulance and Nursing Cadets), President of Dr. Barnardo's

Homes, of the Scottish Children's League and of other institutions for child welfare, a subject which interests her deeply. But though so many public duties fall to her lot, Princess Margaret has all the buoyant gaiety and power of enjoyment proper to her age. She loves dancing, the theatre, riding and swimming, and many social gatherings in London and elsewhere are honoured by the radiant presence of a Princess who is the national personification of happy and beautiful British girlhood.

From a Colour Photograph by Baron.



HAPPY CHILDHOOD ; A GROUP TAKEN IN 1936 OUTSIDE THE LITTLE WELSH HOUSE PRESENTED TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN 1932 : PRINCESS MARGARET WITH THE KING (THEN DUKE OF YORK), IN FRONT ; THE QUEEN (THEN DUCHESS OF YORK) AT THE WINDOW, AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH, STANDING.

From a Photograph by Studio Liss.



THE ROYAL SCHOOLGIRLS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE IN 1942 : PRINCESS MARGARET (LEFT) AND HER ELDER SISTER, PRINCESS ELIZABETH, IMMERSING IN A BOOK.



A ROYAL FAMILY GROUP TAKEN IN 1940: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, PRINCESS MARGARET (CENTRE), AND H.M. THE QUEEN AT ROYAL LODGE. [Photograph by Studio Liss.]

PRINCESS MARGARET'S HAPPY CHILDHOOD: THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN, IN HER NURSERY AND SCHOOLROOM DAYS.

Princess Margaret, younger daughter of their Majesties, was born on August 21, 1930, at Glamis Castle, the home of her maternal grandfather, the fourteenth Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, and thus attains the age of twenty-one on Tuesday next. All the King's subjects, at home and abroad, and thousands of people in America and

other foreign countries, will join in wishing her Royal Highness all that is best; for she has already established herself as a beloved public figure. She made her first speech in 1944, when a schoolgirl, at the Princess Margaret Rose School, Windsor, and is now an experienced and accomplished speaker.



A ROYAL LEADER OF FASHION FOR YOUTH: PRINCESS MARGARET, YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.

Princess Margaret, who attains her majority on August 21, has already had wide experience in carrying out those many public engagements which her Royal birth entails, for she began her official life when still in her teens. She has also travelled considerably, for she accompanied the King and Queen on their South African tour of 1947, and she carried out her first official visit abroad alone in 1948, when she

attended on behalf of the King the inauguration of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands. In May, 1949, she paid her first visit to Italy, on holiday, and also went to Paris. Wherever Princess Margaret goes, her taste in dress is admired. Our portrait shows her in a full-skirted evening dress embroidered with butterflies in sequins in which she sat to Cecil Beaton for this natural-colour photograph when she was nineteen.

PRINCESS MARGARET GROWS UP:
A PICTORIAL RECORD FROM
BABYHOOD TO THE AGE OF 17.



JUNE, 1931: THE CHUBBY BABY OF TEN MONTHS.



THE FIRST PORTRAIT: PRINCESS MARGARET IN INFANCY.



TWO YEARS OF AGE: THE LIVELY, INQUIRING CHILD.



THE LITTLE GIRL OF FOUR: IN NOVEMBER, 1934.



MARCH, 1939: THE SCHOOLGIRL OF EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.



MARCH, 1941: PRINCESS MARGARET AGED 10



AS A GIRL GUIDE: PRINCESS MARGARET IN 1943.



GROWING UP IN MAY, 1946: THE PRINCESS AGED FIFTEEN.



A BRIDESMAID TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN 1947.

On this page we give a charming pictorial record of how Princess Margaret, who will be twenty-one on August 21, grew up. Everyone knows the appearance of the gracious and beautiful younger daughter of their Majesties as she is to-day, but the younger generation may never have seen portraits of her as a chubby baby and a lively and

inquiring schoolgirl; and will be interested to compare the child of yesterday with the Royal lady of to-day. Our portrait of the Princess at the age of seventeen shows her in the dress she wore when she acted as bridesmaid to her elder sister, Princess Elizabeth, at her marriage on November 20, 1947, to Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh.

Photographs by Marcus Adams, Speaight, Hon. M. W. Elphinstone and Dorothy Wilding.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE ALPINE HOUSE IN SUMMER.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

CULTIVATING such essentially hardy plants as Alpines in a greenhouse might seem, at first sight, a crazy form of gardening.

There are, however, several good reasons for growing, at any rate, some of them in this way. The summer flowering season in the High Alps is very short in comparison with summer in the lowlands, and this being so, the high Alpine plants have little time in which to flower, mature seeds, and so reproduce themselves. With an early autumn comes a blanket of snow, and from then until about June, or even July, the plants remain completely dormant under their snug snow covering. Then, directly the snow melts, in what is their spring, and what elsewhere is high summer, the Alpine plants, gentians, potentillas, pansies, primulas, saxifrages, etc., rush into flower at an astonishing rate. Often one may see millions of the fringed, fairy-like lilac bells of Soldanellas and the white or violet chalices of the minute Alpine crocus, *Crocus vernus*, thick upon the ground surrounding the melting snow patches, with some even pushing up their blossoms through the snow itself. At such altitudes spring comes suddenly, and is at once more like summer, with brilliant sunshine and summer warmth to help the plants' capacity for rushing into blossom and seed. Directly this snow blanket has gone, they know what to expect, and are able to get on with their job.

When grown in an English rock-garden, however, many of these early-flowering Alpine plants become completely bemused by our vacillating winter weather. They may or may not enjoy the comfort of a snow blanket, but they seldom enjoy it for long, and never from autumn till spring without a break, as in the Alps. More often, the blanket is snatched on and off at irregular intervals, and every mild winter spell that comes suggests to them that spring has arrived, and that it's time to be stirring. By March and April, many Alpine plants can no longer resist the urge to be up and flowering. Some of them, in some seasons, even start as early as February, and it's quite amazing what a gallant show they put up, in spite of the assorted horrors of an English spring. But with the best will in the world, they cannot flower with the flawless perfection of which they are capable, and try as he may, the gardener cannot enjoy them in complete serenity under skies that might have been devised by John Piper himself.

That is why gardeners have taken to growing certain Alpine plants, and especially the early-flowering ones, in unheated greenhouses, for there they can flower in almost greater perfection than they achieve even on their native Alpine cliffs, and screes and lawns. And there, too, the gardener can tend and enjoy his pans of primulas and saxifrages without being alternately drenched, frozen and buffeted. In fact, the fouler the weather outside, the pleasanter it is by contrast in the fresh, still atmosphere of the Alpine house. It is in the earlier months of the year, February till May, that the Alpine house is at its best and most enjoyable. There is no lack of plants for that time of year, with all the Kabschia saxifrages, *S. burseriana* "Faldonside," and the pink and crimson hybrids; primulas such as "Marginata," "Linda Pope," "Mrs. Wilson," and her numerous relatives; *Daphne rupestris grandiflora*, not to mention pans and pots-full of bulbous plants such as scillas and chionodoxas, the bulbous irises, the violet-coloured and violet-scented *I. reticulata* and *I. histrioides major*, which is surely nearer to true blue than any other iris that grows. There are endless and enchanting dwarf crocus species, which flower to perfection in

the Alpine house, and are safer there from mice than in the open-air garden. Important, too, and perfectly enchanting, are all the miniature daffodil tribe, *Narcissus minimus*, *N. cyclamineus*, *N. triandrus* and their innumerable hybrid forms.

Late in the spring season come the brilliant Western North American *Lewisias*. I prefer them in the Alpine house. In the open-air rock-garden among

Almost all the June-flowering Alpines are happier on the open rock-garden, and—with luck—the weather from June onwards permits one

to garden and to enjoy one's flowers with reasonable comfort in the open air. Some gardeners transfer their pans of Alpines to open frames for the summer and early autumn months, and tend and cultivate them there, bringing them back into the Alpine house in autumn. Good, practical use can be made of the Alpine house during the summer recess for growing tomatoes, and the delicious little apple cucumber, which is so prolific of its small, oval, ivory-coloured cucumbers: juicy, well-flavoured, and said "not to irk even the most delicate digestion."

There are, however, certain later-flowering Alpines which are worth cultivating in the Alpine house for July and August display. Just now, in the early days of August, the silvery-leaved form of *Campanula isophylla* is a cascade of big, saucer-shaped, lavender-blue blossoms. Not quite reliably hardy in the open air, it is a popular cottage-window plant. My own specimen is planted out in the forefront of a miniature rock-garden built on the staging of an Alpine house, and for the next few weeks it will be a very lovely sight. Just behind it are three plants of *Omphalodes luciliae*, which produce their sprays of huge, lavender-blue, forget-me-not blossoms among glaucous blue-grey leaves throughout summer—and at most times in winter as well.

In July, *Campanula pseudo-raineri* filled an 8-in. pan with a dense crowd of big cups of a particularly lovely and luminous lavender-blue, sitting almost stemless upon their carpet of tiny, grey-green leaves. Its natural habit is to run through narrow rock-crevices—a true cliff plant. It is first rate on the sink- or trough-garden, where a group of closely-built rocks makes the ideal home for it. What the origin of this remarkable campanula is, I do not know. The type *C. raineri* is a cliff-dweller of North Italy. I have a specimen growing in tufa rock where it has lived for many years. Its flowers are rather smaller and darker coloured than those of *pseudo-raineri* and the leaves less downy. In habit the two are very much alike, but *pseudo-raineri* is a far more beautiful thing, and is well worth growing in the Alpine house, especially if, as most gardeners do, you keep all your plants in the house summer and winter.

In June and July, some pans of that strange plant *Phyteuma comosum* have been most striking this year. Like *Campanula raineri*, this *Phyteuma* is an inveterate cliff-dweller in nature. The flowers, carried in cluster-heads on very short stems, are long-necked, bottle-shaped, each bottle pale amethyst at the base, shading to a deeper tone at the tapered neck, and with a long, protruding stigma, forked and curled, at its tip.

The Alpine house provides a fascinating branch of gardening. It can be as easy or as difficult as you care to make it, according to the plants you choose to cultivate. It enables you to be gardening in comparative comfort when outdoor gardening would be either a savage penance or altogether out of the question. And it produces pans and pots of flowers for bringing into the house which are outstandingly beautiful and pleasantly out of the ordinary run of parlour plants. Although from early spring

to early summer is the time when the Alpine house is at its best and brightest, there are quite a number of plants which will keep up the interest right into high summer and so on into autumn—and even winter.



"IN JULY, *CAMPANULA PSEUDO-RAINERI* FILLED AN 8-INCH PAN WITH A DENSE CROWD OF BIG CUPS OF A PARTICULARLY LOVELY AND LUMINOUS LAVENDER-BLUE, SITTING ALMOST STEMLESS UPON THEIR CARPET OF TINY, GREY-GREEN LEAVES."



"... SOME PANS OF THAT STRANGE PLANT *PHYTEUMA COMOSUM* HAVE BEEN MOST STRIKING THIS YEAR. . . . THE FLOWERS, CARRIED IN CLUSTER-HEADS ON VERY SHORT STEMS, ARE LONG-NECKED AND BOTTLE-SHAPED, EACH BOTTLE PALE AMETHYST AT THE BASE, SHADING TO A DEEPER TONE AT THE TAPERED NECK, WITH A LONG, PROTRUDING STIGMA, FORKED AND CURLED, AT ITS TIP."

Photographs by J. R. Jameson.

European Alpines, they always seem to me to look slightly out of place, a trifle exotic, overdressed and overbearing.

When June arrives, the best of the plants that seem suitable for flowering under glass are over.



THE military policy of the United States in Europe has moved along the lines which I can claim to have advocated consistently in these pages. I am convinced that it is the only policy suited to the present emergency. If it has moved slowly, it must be confessed that it has moved faster than the parallel military policy of Western Europe itself and has, in fact, been responsible for most of the latter's progress. In the years that have passed since the end of hostilities with Germany, and particularly in the last two years, it has become more and more apparent that in default of the establishment on the European continent of a powerful American army—that is, land forces or "ground troops"—it would be impossible to raise in the Governments and armed forces of the Western European nations sufficient energy and determination to enable them to defend themselves. They felt that the task was hopeless. They also felt that, if American aid were to be confined almost entirely to forces of the sea and air, as for long seemed probable, unfair sacrifices would be demanded of them and, above all, of their infantry, still the heaviest sufferer in warfare. Gradually the United States came to understand their point of view. Now, whatever dangers remain, that particular danger is over for the time being, though it might be revived. A powerful American army is being built up in Western Europe.

When I was writing in the vein I have described, it seemed to me that "one thing at a time" was a good maxim. To have looked too far ahead at that stage might have confused the issue. Now it seems permissible to say that, if the crisis with which we have been faced can be tided over, it is clear that in the long run Western Europe, including Western Germany, will have to take over the responsibility for its own defence, and will certainly have to provide the great bulk of the land forces for this purpose. It has been only after much searching of heart, in face of strong opposition still persisting, and by great sacrifices, that the United States has put into operation her present policy and created the land contingent which is now in course of being established in Germany. Any belief that a force of such strength can be counted upon as a permanency should be dismissed from European minds. No nation would ever consent to lock up on another continent, on the other side of a vast ocean, so vast a force. To-day it is a necessity—indeed, there must be grave doubts whether it will suffice—but Western Europe must accustom itself to the prospect of its being reduced and eventually withdrawn.

We must also bear in mind the possibility that the duration of its stay in Europe may not be governed entirely by military considerations. Many influential people in the United States have refused to abandon the last ditch of military isolationism. Some of them perhaps consider that the defence of Western Europe is in any case hopeless, so that there is no reason why their country should become too deeply involved in it. If the worst came to the worst, they think, the barriers of oceans and the strength of the American Air Force would keep the United States out of serious trouble. A school which professes to be more realistic but is, in fact, to my mind, more sentimental, believes that air power alone would suffice to defeat Russia. It is all too easy to adopt a military doctrine when it fits in conveniently with home politics and appears to satisfy the instinctive policy in the hearts of most American men—and women. And this school is not without claims to expert support. It can quote arguments by the backers of the expansion of the Air Force which add elegance and the prestige of the professional to its own crude expositions.

The doctrine that air forces were self-sufficing in war and needed land and sea forces at most only as minor auxiliaries was openly preached even in official circles in the United States. The controversy which it caused in the fighting Services themselves was only too apparent. It became so hot as to shock people of moderate minds and with a regard for seemliness. Since then it has in a measure died down. I presume that the main agent of compromise and Service unity has been General Marshall. The late Admiral Sherman may also have played a part here, and if so, his sudden death is even more to be regretted than at first sight appeared. Yet Service unity can never be carried so far that representatives cease to ask for as much of the defence budget as they can hope to obtain for themselves. In all probability, knowing that their demands will in any case be cut, they ask for more than they are likely to get. Each chief is an enthusiastic advocate of his own Service; if he were not, he would not be where he now is. And an Air Force chief, representing a young Service which

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

AMERICAN POWER IN EUROPE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

has had to struggle for bare existence and which is rapidly developing in power and technique, is likely to bid very high.

Thus home politics and the Air Force may be closely connected when the estimates of future American power come under annual review. All is now being prepared for this stocktaking. It is known that the Air Force is thinking in terms of a figure larger than that of the other two sister Services put together. Hitherto the allotments have been near to equality, but General Marshall has already announced that the Air Force will be justified in demanding a larger proportion in future. No complaint can be made of this

THE SUSPENSION OF THE KAESONG ARMISTICE TALKS.



PASSING THROUGH THE CONFERENCE AREA AT KAESONG, WHICH WAS SUPPOSED TO BE DEMILITARISED DURING THE ARMISTICE TALKS: COMMUNIST TROOPS ARMED WITH MACHINE-GUNS, GRENADES AND OTHER WEAPONS.



ARMED TROOPS MARCHING PAST THE CONFERENCE SITE AT KAESONG IN DIRECT VIOLATION OF THE NEUTRALITY OF THAT ZONE—AN ACTION WHICH CAUSED GENERAL RIDGWAY, SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE UNITED NATIONS FORCES, TO BREAK OFF THE ARMISTICE TALKS. On August 5 General Ridgway, the United Nations Commander, broadcast a message to Kim Il Sung, Prime Minister of North Korea, and General Peng Teh-huai, commanding the Chinese forces in Korea, pointing out that the presence of armed Communist troops in the demilitarized zone around the site of the Armistice Conference at Kaesong had been confirmed by photographs and stating that the Allied delegation would be withdrawn until a satisfactory explanation had been given and an assurance of a non-recurrence received. The incident occurred on August 4, when a company of armed Communist troops passed within 100 yards of the conference building. On August 6 Peking broadcast a message to General Ridgway explaining that the presence of armed troops was accidental and would not happen again, and asking for an immediate resumption of the talks. It was announced on August 10 that Vice-Admiral Joy had informed the Communists that the U.N. delegation was ready to resume the conference.

pronouncement. The Air Force represents the first weapon of defence in America, in Europe and all over the world. It exercises a greater deterrent effect than any other. Yet the arguments of the "air only" school have always tended to ignore realities. If air forces could accomplish on their own all that has been claimed for them, those now operating in Korea would have driven the Chinese armies in rout over the Yalu. The day of "balanced forces" in war may not endure for ever, but it has assuredly not yet ended. At the same time, extreme air enthusiasts tremble and stutter with impatience at any mention of tactical support of land or sea forces. This, they assert, takes air power from its real task, strategic bombing.

It is only recently that I have begun to read the first volume of the United States history, "The Army

Air Forces in World War II," though it was published three years ago. In an early chapter I find the following comment on the celebrated exponent of air power, Brig.-General Billy Mitchell: "Time has proved the essential soundness of most of his basic contentions." Among these contentions were the necessity for abolishing the U.S. Navy (except submarines), that the threat of bombing a city would cause it to be

instantly abandoned by its whole population, that it would never again be physically possible (he was writing about 1925) to transport large American forces across the Atlantic in war, that aircraft-carriers were useless against first-class Powers, that land power could only hold what had been won by air power. Presumably the writers of the history would not regard these contentions, every one of which—and others which I have not set down here—proved absurdly incorrect, as basic. I am not saying that the General was not of service in making the American public air-minded, but it is distressing to find a work of this sort, which will presumably be widely read in the Air Force, taking this line. The agitator may have his place, but his excited and often deliberately distorted arguments are seldom likely to embody mature wisdom.

All this, it may be said, is the affair of the United States. Yet it ceases to be an impertinence on the part of a foreigner to comment upon it when it becomes clear that, if such a doctrine were carried to its logical limit, the effect upon the defence of Western Europe would be disastrous. We in this country may be subjected to a danger similar in kind, but, if so, our danger is less in degree, because in our situation exaggerated air propaganda is not likely to be also heady election propaganda, whereas in the United States it is. When it is put out by some of the most prominent political figures in the United States, then the foreign observer dealing with the whole problem of Western European defence strategy has every right to examine its possible significance. Under the terms of the North Atlantic Treaty we all find ourselves in the same case, with similar obligations, and inextricably linked. We cannot avoid taking a deep interest in each other's military ideas.

The American action in Europe has indeed been extraordinary. It has been brought about by a moral courage for which one can hardly find a parallel in modern history. And though it is to the leaders of American opinion, above all to the President and General Marshall, that the fullest credit is due, as the inspirers of the present policy, they could not have achieved what they have without the support of the American people. The policy has involved vast expenditure, but an even more important element in it has been the reversal of the tradition and outlook which have been so dear to the people of the United States, and which are as old as the republic itself. You may say that the inspiration of this policy has been self-preservation, the most natural of instincts in an individual or in a nation. Even if that be admitted, it must be acknowledged that few nations have shown so much imagination, so great a freedom from prejudice, and so broad a generosity of spirit as the United States in preparing the defence of Western Europe during the past two years.

Will this policy be continued long enough to render Western Europe safe against aggression? That is a question to which it is not possible to give an assured answer. What can be said is that the answer may in great part depend upon the response of Western Europe to the American effort. If General Eisenhower were now to fail in his undertaking for lack of European good will, the United States would undoubtedly revert in some measure to the old isolationism. She would not continue to devote her resources or her sons to a cause which had become hopeless. The maintenance of freedom in Western Europe is her deepest interest in the international field, but if that were

completely compromised she would have to adjust her policy and make the best of the defence of the New World. From this point of view an improvement has taken place. The Americans believe that Western European morale has risen. This is in itself a powerful asset to the cause of defence. It does not lie in our power to insure that the present policy of the United States in Europe will not be weakened by the influence of internal politics. We can, however, by our own effort and our own spirit make it more likely that this policy will endure. I have said that a great American army cannot be maintained indefinitely on the European Continent. It lies with us in great part that it shall be maintained long enough and then that Western Europe shall be made safe without its support.

IN BERLIN: THE COMMUNIST YOUTH FESTIVAL,
AND A RALLY OF GERMAN REFUGEES.

LED BY A FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY: THE BRITISH DELEGATION IN THE PARADE OF NATIONS AT THE COMMUNIST WORLD YOUTH FESTIVAL IN EAST BERLIN ON AUGUST 5.



PARADING PAST THE SOVIET WAR MEMORIAL AT TREPTOW PARK, IN THE EASTERN SECTOR OF BERLIN: GERMAN AND OTHER DELEGATES TO THE COMMUNIST YOUTH RALLY.



UNVEILED IN EAST BERLIN BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE COMMUNIST RALLY: THE FIRST STATUE OF STALIN EVER ERECTED IN THE CITY.



THE OPENING DAY OF THE COMMUNIST-SPONSORED WORLD YOUTH FESTIVAL: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CROWDED WALTER ULRICH STADIUM, IN EAST BERLIN. THIS NEW STADIUM IS ABOUT AS LARGE AS WEMBLEY.



ATTENDING A RALLY OF SOME 25,000 FORMER INHABITANTS OF EASTERN GERMAN TERRITORIES OCCUPIED BY RUSSIA AND POLAND: YOUNG MEN OF WEST BERLIN.

A parade of the nations in the Walter Ulbricht Stadium, in East Berlin, opened the Communist-sponsored "World Youth Festival" on August 5. The delegations marched—some danced—in alphabetical order before an audience of 100,000. The British group numbered about sixty-five. At the opening of the two-weeks rally, instead of the 1500 British and Commonwealth delegates expected, there were only 200. The remainder were either still on the way or had been stopped



MEETING IN THE WALDBUCHNE OPEN-AIR STADIUM, IN THE BRITISH SECTOR OF BERLIN: PART OF THE CROWD OF 25,000 REFUGEES FROM FORMER GERMAN TERRITORIES.

by the authorities in Austria, France and West Germany. The British Commandant, Major-General Bourne, said the festival represented aggressive intentions against Western Germany as a whole, but not an immediate threat to the safety of the Western sectors of Berlin. On August 5, a rally was also held in the British sector of Berlin, where some 25,000 former inhabitants of Eastern German territories occupied by Russia and Poland met in the Waldbuchne Stadium.



A WARM, sunny afternoon, a garden chair, an apple-tree above my head, on my left a clump of deep-red bergamot (a nice, old-fashioned name, that), backed by the blue of delphiniums and cornflowers, on my right a cascade of roses, among them "Gloire de Dijon," which, I am told, the best people affect to despise as ordinary and opulent—but what care I for the best people? The strong sunlight caresses the



FIG. 1. "A GRACEFULLY ABSURD CONFECTION": A FRANKENTHAL PORCELAIN CHINOISERIE GARDEN GROUP BY KARL GOTTLIEB LUCK.

Frank Davis describes this *Chinoiserie* garden group in Frankenthal porcelain by Karl Gottlieb Luck as "witty and engaging nonsense—and a remarkably intricate piece of pottery." The colours are soft tones of green, blue, puce and yellow. [By Courtesy of Sotheby's.]

delicate petals and—so odd is the way one's thoughts wander—I find myself asking whether, after all, we have gained very much from the neat little devices which nowadays illuminate the cabinets in which people keep their porcelain. If roses, I say to myself, look their best in natural light or, after dark, beneath the soft, uncertain radiance of candles, on the dining-table, may it not be the same for the more frivolous household deities which were admired originally without the aid of a hundred or so watts, whose hard brilliance can emphasise defects as well as reveal beauties?

Well, I've an open mind about it and, besides, it is too hot to bother. What I can understand on such an afternoon in the height of summer is the enchanted delight with which the eighteenth century welcomed into its houses all those delicious pieces of nonsense which brought with them the colour and gaiety of a garden, to remain as bright in December as in July, such pieces as the gracelessly absurd confection of Fig. 1, in which time stands still for all eternity, and, to the eye of faith, cool waters splash down among the lilies. Moreover, haunted by weeds and fungoid growths, beset by predatory insects, horrified witnesses of the murderous assaults by most forms of vegetable life upon their neighbours, exasperated by the endless toil of pruning, clipping, digging, spraying, and nursing these voracious horticultural specimens, who would not on occasion sigh ruefully for soft, fadeless tones of green, blue, puce and yellow unaffected by blight, frost, heat, earwig, slug, or beetle? To come to the point, here is an agreeable piece of frivolity by one Karl Gottlieb Luck, working at the Frankenthal manufactory,

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. GARDENS FOR THE LAZY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

who is not the least among the German figure-modellers of his time, and in this example, which turned up at Sotheby's in June, achieved what most people will consider an extraordinary *tour de force* of intricate pottery. I leave it to modern practitioners of the craft to say whether they could produce something of similar delicacy. The subject is, of course, pure fairy-tale, and as Fairy-land was China to most of the eighteenth-century romantics, here is a Chinese pavilion and what were universally held to be Chinese robes—though, even so, they could not escape from Europe; do not swags of flowers decorate the roof-tiles and has not the figure on the right a prim, long-pointed collar?

Like most other German porcelain factories, except the great ones, Frankenthal, in the Palatinate, survived so long as the local prince-ling retained his enthusiasm for the beautiful craft which was designed to adorn his palace, enrich his treasury, and make clear to all the world that he, too, was a man of taste no less cultivated than the Kings of France. Frankenthal flourished from 1755 to about 1800, and for a great part of that time the mark of the factory was the cypher of Carl Theodor, Elector Palatine, surmounted by a crown (1762-1799), painted in blue. Though this, and a thousand other pieces from a dozen other German potteries ostensibly imitate the Chinese, they do, in fact, only achieve this through the medium of the gifted Frenchmen who set the fashion for Europe—people like Pillement, and more especially that extraordinarily gifted man of nearly all the talents, François Boucher, who set the stamp of his light-hearted, witty inventions upon most of the decorative arts about the middle of the century. And how often, since his death in 1770, has this kind of butterfly in consequence been imitated unsuccessfully by the ham-fisted and the unco-guid; as it were, sabbatarian elephants understanding Miss Margot Fonteyn.

I would suggest that the counterpart to-day of the engaging impudent spirit epitomised in this and similar pieces of porcelain is to be found, not in the modern porcelain factories, but in the fantasy which Mr. Oliver Messel brings to his theatre designs—the *décor* to "Ring Round the Moon," for example—wherein is a formal garden at least as silly and nearly as engaging as this one. Both kinds of art are of the theatre, and perhaps that is one of the reasons why so many people find these elaborate porcelain confections, however good-humoured and however fine technically, a little tiresome to have always around them—one just does not want to watch a play every waking hour.

Such people argue that if one has flowers in the house, don't trick them out—have your fading flowers, by all

means, but let your fadeless ones speak for themselves; which is why paintings of flowers by good masters are so restful and satisfying. I mean, that a man who paints flowers magnificently may well make a sad hash of a portrait, for to set on canvas or wood the secrets of a man's character is one thing, to indicate lovingly the texture, shape, colour and nature of a flower another. True, some notable painters of portraits have been also admirable painters of flowers (Renoir, for example), and by that I don't mean flowers as incidents in a big picture, but as themes in themselves. And that reminds me—here am I looking towards the spot where the madonna lilies should be flourishing had not a plague of slugs smitten them, and seeing in my mind's eye a prim little painting by Hans Memling, who died in Bruges as long ago as 1494; he painted a picture on the back of a portrait of a young man—lilies in an Italian maiolica vase resting on a small table covered with a Persian carpet. I imagine the earliest flower-painting known in Western Europe. But, to be sure, such a thing at such a time was rare indeed.

It was left for an essentially bourgeois social order—that of the Low Countries in the seventeenth century—to admire flower-paintings for their own sakes as a matter of course. Consider this one by Franz Ykens (1601-1683). I do not know where it is to-day, but I have a vivid recollection of it when the late Ralph Warner showed it to me many years ago. I doubt whether, as a design, it is quite in accord with modern theories of flower decoration, but it suits me very well. I see—or think I see—iris, guelder rose, some kind of climber, peony, dianthus and tulip—the arrangement is informal and some of the petals are falling. Some people affect to despise meticulous observation to this degree of accuracy as merely photographic. I doubt whether any of the Dutch and Flemish flower-painters of the seventeenth century would be put out by



FIG. 2. A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS IN A GLASS VASE; BY FRANZ YKENS (1601-1683).

The flowers in this beautiful painting by Franz Ykens include iris, guelder rose, peony, dianthus, tulip and some sort of climber, the arrangement is informal and some of the petals are falling. It is a characteristic example of the flower-paintings of the Low Countries in the seventeenth century.

criticism of this sort. If they knew what it meant they would accept it as high praise, for they were simple-minded people, concerned only with using their uncanny skill to record impermanent beauties. A modest enough ambition—and how fortunate for their patrons and for us that they aimed no higher!

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FROM A GITTERN TO A GRAND PIANO—
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OVER 500 YEARS.

THE OLDEST KNOWN DATED TROMBONE WHICH NOW SERVES AS THE EMBLEM OF THE GALPIN SOCIETY: A TENOR SACKBUT MARKED "GEORG NEUSCHEL GEMACHT, NURNBERG, 1557".
Lent by A. C. Baines, Esq.



PLAYING A HURDY-GURDY MADE IN PARIS IN 1750 AND LENT TO THE EXHIBITION BY MR. E. HALFPENNY: MISS JUNE MILLS, OF THE YORKSHIRE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

SOME INTERESTING EXAMPLES FROM THE GALPIN SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.



DATING FROM ABOUT 1330 AND SAID TO HAVE BEEN PRESENTED TO THE EARL OF LEICESTER BY QUEEN ELIZABETH: A GITTERN, WHICH WAS PLAYED WITH A PLECTRUM.
Lent by the Earl of Brooke and Warwick.



MADE ABOUT 1800 ENTIRELY OF BRASS, WITH THREE KEYS: AN ENGLISH BASS HORN IN THE GALPIN SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION. [Lent by R. Morley-Pegge, Esq.]



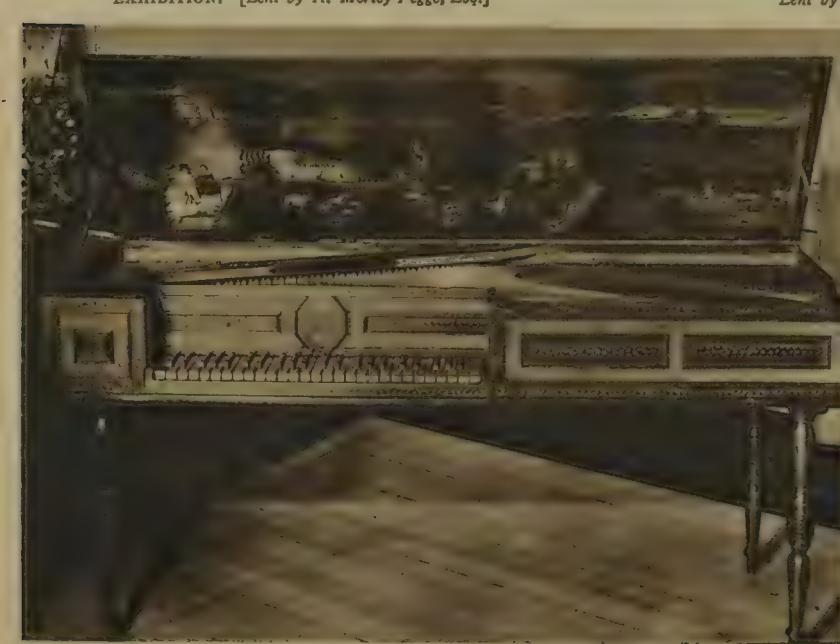
THE EARLIEST SPECIMEN OF THE CLASSIC LUTE IN GOOD PRESERVATION NOW IN THIS COUNTRY: A CHORIST LUTE OF ABOUT 1550 MADE BY HANS FREI, OF BOLOGNA.



MADE FOR PRINCE ALFRED, SECOND SON OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND LATER THE FIRST DUKE OF EDINBURGH: A QUARTER-SIZE VIOLIN.
Lent by H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth.



OF LEATHER-COVERED WOOD, WITH BRASS MOUNTS AND FOUR BRASS KEYS: A SERPENT OF ABOUT 1810, BEING PLAYED BY THE OWNER, MR. A. C. BAINES.



MADE BY THOMAS WHITE OF LONDON IN 1653: A RECTANGULAR VIRGINAL WITH PAINTED DECORATION ON THE LID AND SOUNDBOARD.
Lent by the Trustees of the Chatsworth Settlement.



A GROUP OF FOUR HARPSICHORDS IN THE EXHIBITION: IN THE FOREGROUND AN INSTRUMENT BY HERMANUS TABEL OF LONDON (1721), THE ONLY SURVIVING SPECIMEN OF HIS WORK.
Lent by Miss Mary Baldwin.

On August 7 the Galpin Society, formed in 1946 with the object of bringing together all those interested in research into the history, construction and functions of European musical instruments, in association with the Worshipful Company of Musicians, opened an exhibition of more than 350 musical instruments, mainly by British craftsmen, at the headquarters of the Arts Council at 4, St. James's Square. The earliest instrument shown is the Warwick Castle

gittern of 1330, which is said to have been presented to the Earl of Leicester by Queen Elizabeth, and the latest in date is a grand pianoforte used by Chopin for his London recitals in 1848. Another instrument of Royal interest is the quarter-size violin ordered by the Prince Consort for Prince Alfred. With pieces of paper stuck on the finger-board as a guide, the little Prince began his studies, and gave his mother a birthday greeting by playing "God Save the Queen" outside her room.



The World of the Theatre.

ROYAL AND ANCIENT.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IN the theatre it has been a year with the captains and the kings, and especially with Henry the Fifth, who has been at the core of two productions: one at the Old Vic in the spring, one now at Stratford-upon-Avon. "Small time: but in that small, most greatly lived this star of England." It is a play that surges in like a billow on the Cornish coast. If you are in the mood, it can stir you like the driving of that wave, or the unfurling of a banner—it is wise to have as many banners as possible in "Henry V.",

best things: for example, Peter Williams's Exeter, every inch a warrior-noble; the way in which Barbara Jefford brought up Queen Isabel in a couple of speeches at the tail of the evening; William Squire's Bourbon (in a passage that the text gives to Grandpré) saying, "The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks, with torch-staves in their hand"; Michael Redgrave in the quietest of the Chorus prologues; Hugh Griffith, mocking cheerfully at the verbose Archbishop; and, above all else, Alan Badel's deadly quiet, sinister-smooth Dauphin. The text was almost unclipped. I met, for the first time in a theatre, the French King's muster-roll of the chivalry of his realm, beginning:

"Charles



'GOD QUIT YOU IN HIS MERCY!': A SCENE FROM "HENRY THE FIFTH" AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, SHOWING KING HENRY (RICHARD BURTON) CONDEMNING THE THREE TRAITORS AT SOUTHAMPTON. OUR CRITIC DESCRIBES IT AS ONE OF THE OCCASIONS ON WHICH RICHARD BURTON "GLOWED."

Anthony Quayle's production of "Henry V." opened at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre on July 31. The play is the crown and climax of the tetralogy—"Richard II.", both parts of "Henry IV." and "Henry V."—which forms the major part of the 1951 programme at Stratford-upon-Avon.

to match its verse—or the ring and summons of a trumpet. And there is more than martial vigour and the call of patriotism: there is the "little touch of Harry in the night" and the speech that I find myself expecting, for some reason, above all others in the play: the prayer, "O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts." It should have been all the more moving at Stratford this year because the play came at the end of the Historical Cycle. When the King said, kneeling:

O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood. . . .

we should have had Richard the Second and his fate at Pomfret most clearly in our minds.

At Stratford I found it less moving than I had expected. Alec Clunes, at the Old Vic early in the year, had uttered the speeches before Agincourt with a beautiful rightness, a quiet, urgent truth. Richard Burton, at Stratford, was vocally inexpressive. Throughout, his Henry was too rigid. His head seemed to be pinned, invisibly, in one of the hoops used by an old-fashioned photographer. His speaking suffered from the same rigidity. He acted with honesty and care. Yet, for one listener, he did not become Harry of England, the warrior of Harfleur, the king who spoke as a brother to his generals upon Crispin's Day, and the wanderer among his nighted army. He is a thoughtful young actor of integrity. Now and again, in this performance, I was reminded of a shadow of the young Olivier in the Old Vic production of 1937; but a portrait of Henry should excite from the first, and I found all too little excitement in a careful rendering. (Older hands in the audience talked, sadly and reminiscently, of Lewis Waller and his trumpet-voice.) Richard Burton glowed occasionally, as at Southampton, where the King found the note for that awkward speech to the three traitors, and in the quiet reading of the casualty-list after Agincourt. At the very end also, in the wooing of Princess Katherine, the actor developed a quick charm.

The production generally was determined rather than imaginative. It has been a gallant Festival: the failure of "Henry V." to sustain the power of the "Richard" and the two parts of "Henry IV." should not weigh too ponderously against our thanks to Anthony Quayle and his cast for their season's endeavour. It is better, then, in noticing this "Henry V.", to remember the

Delabreth, high constable of France." But it was odd that, after having the Archbishop's entire speech in the first scene—Blithild, Clothair, the Lady Lingare, and all—and after hearing Hugh Griffith speak it at a rate of knots, we were not allowed his glorious line, "The singing masons building roofs of gold."

We have met another king in St. Thomas's Church off Regent Street, where Christopher Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners"—due later, I believe, in New York—has been revived with the same cast. In reading,



JEAN COCTEAU'S "NOISY DOMESTIC DRAMA" REVIVED AT THE STRAND: "INTIMATE RELATIONS"—PRESENTED AT THE ARTS THEATRE EARLIER IN THE YEAR; A SCENE FROM THE NEW REVIVAL, IN WHICH FAY COMPTON AGAIN PLAYS THE POSSESSIVE MOTHER. OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS YVONNE (FAY COMPTON) AND HER HUSBAND, GEORGE (BALLARD BERKELEY) IN YVONNE'S BEDROOM IN PARIS.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"INTIMATE RELATIONS" (Strand).—Jean Cocteau's noisy domestic drama, presented at the Arts earlier in the year in Charles Frank's version, is revived with Fay Compton again as the possessive mother. (July 26.)

"A SLEEP OF PRISONERS" (St. Thomas's Church, Regent Street).—Christopher Fry's play for four voices returns in Michael Macowan's subtle and flexible treatment, and with Denholm Elliott, Stanley Baker, Leonard White and Hugh Pryse still as the prisoners' quartet. (July 31.)

"HENRY THE FIFTH" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—The last production in the Historical Cycle permits Richard Burton the Hal of the two "Henry the Fourth" plays, to present the full-length portrait of Harry of England. He is not yet fully-armed for the part: his reading lacks variety and vigour, though in certain scenes—and the wooing of Katherine Moisiewitsch's permanent set, is detailed and honest, but not very inspiring. (July 31.)

the text of Fry's play gleams with fresh beauties. It is undeniably a play that grows with familiarity. Here the king is David. Four prisoners-of-war who sleep in a locked church find themselves woven and interwoven in dreams from the Old Testament. One of these dreams is the story of David and Absalom and Joab, introduced when the soldier, David King, cries in his sleep:

I'm King of Israel. They told me so.
I'm doing all right. But who is there to trust?
There are so many fools. Fools and fools and fools,
All round my throne. Loved and alone
David keeps the earth. And nothing kills them.

The short, closely-textured piece moves on, through the Abraham-and-Isaac scene, and Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace, to the final speeches in which Fry, through the mouth of his Private Tim Meadows, states eloquently the need for mankind to believe genuinely in the power of good, to realise that:

Good has no fear;
Good is itself, whatever comes.
It grows, and makes, and bravely
Persuades, beyond all tilt of wrong:
Stronger than anger, wiser than strategy,
Enough to subdue cities and men
If we believe it with a long courage of truth.



"FALSTAFF HE IS DEAD, AND WE MUST YEARN THEREFORE": A SCENE FROM "HENRY THE FIFTH" SHOWING (L. TO R.) BARDOLPH (MICHAEL BATES), MISTRESS QUICKLY (ROSALIND ATKINSON), BOY (TIMOTHY HARLEY), NYM (WILLIAM SQUIRE) AND PISTOL (RICHARD WORDSWORTH).

"A Sleep of Prisoners," with its cry for common sense, is not the exquisite Fry, the Fry of the Decorated style. But it is poignant; it is perceptive, and it does develop in the mind with closer knowledge. If ever a play should be seen twice (and read, into the bargain), this is that play.

Next month, continuing the year's researches into kingship, we are to have at the Vic a remarkable rarity, the "Tamburlaine the Great" of Christopher Marlowe. To think of Marlowe is to think of sunrise. Before his time, English blank verse had been a glum, monotonous jog-jog through the dark. Suddenly light shone. It was day. The fanfares spoke at the birth of a new English Drama. In some ways the piece is the wildest rodomontade. It is the tale of a conqueror, a Scythian shepherd who scourges the world, rides over kingdoms and empires. The chief incidents are fantastically melodramatic—the humiliated Sultan in his iron cage, the bridled kings drawing the chariot of their barbaric conqueror. But what matters is the extraordinary golden thunder of the verse as Marlowe, like his own Tamburlaine, rides in triumph through Persepolis. The only English stage production I have been able to trace in recent years was one at Worcester College, Oxford, in 1933. Now, on September 24,

"Tamburlaine" will open at the Old Vic, with Donald Wolfit as the tyrant, Jill Balcon as the "divine Zenocrate," wooed, won and mourned, and Margaret Rawlings as the passionate Zabina.

Tyrone Guthrie is to stage a play that must flame in Waterloo Road as it flamed in the time of Elizabeth when Edward Alleyn took the stage with "a great and thundering speech." This was seven years before the fatal dart of Ingram Frizer's dagger, when over a tavern table at Deptford, Christopher Marlowe—poet of kings, king of poets—lay dead, ignominiously stabbed.

"THEATRICAL PICTURES
FROM THE GARRICK CLUB."



"JOHN BANNISTER AND PARSONS, IN 'THE VILLAGE LAWYER"'; BY JOHANN ZOFFANY (1733-1810).



"CHARLES REINHOLD AS HAWTHORN, IN 'LOVE IN A VILLAGE"'; BY JOHANN ZOFFANY (1733-1810).

LENT FOR EXHIBITION
AT THE TATE GALLERY.



"JOHN BANNISTER AND PARSONS, IN 'THE VILLAGE LAWYER"'; BY SAMUEL DE WILDE (1747-1832).



"SAMUEL SIMMONS AS BEAU MORDECAI, IN 'LOVE A LA MODE"'; BY SAMUEL DE WILDE (1747-1832).



"CHARLES MATHEWS AS SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY, IN 'THE CRITIC"'; BY SAMUEL DE WILDE (1747-1832).



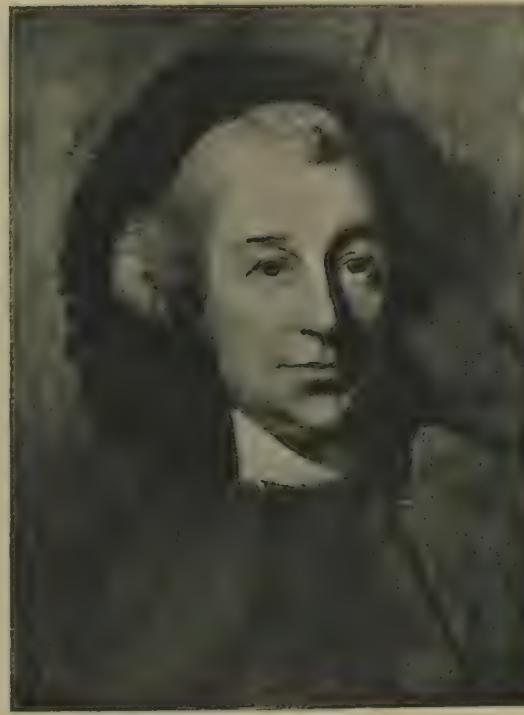
"JOSEPH SHEPHERD MUNDEN, IN 'HARTFORD BRIDGE"'; BY DE WILDE (1747-1832).



"WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY"; BY SIR JOHN GILBERT (1817-1897).



"THOMAS KING AS TOUCHSTONE, IN 'AS YOU LIKE IT"'; BY JOHANN ZOFFANY (1733-1810).



"DAVID GARRICK"; BY JOHANN ZOFFANY (1733-1810). GARRICK WAS A FRIEND OF THE PAINTER.

THE Garrick Club collection of theatrical pictures is possibly the finest in the country. It is not usually available to the public, but through the generosity of the Club, the most important paintings in the series have been lent for exhibition at the Tate Gallery, where they are now on view, and will remain until September 9. The Garrick — Thackeray's favourite

[Continued opposite.]

Club — was founded in 1831, and the present club-house dates from 1864. In 1852, John Rowland Durrant presented to the Club the collection of theatrical portraits formed by Charles Mathews, the elder (1776-1835), the celebrated actor, and this was the foundation of the present collection.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



"BRITISH SPIDERS"

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

WHAT'S in a name? Everything, if you need to be sure what you are talking about. An example came my way recently. I had said that the shrew was the smallest British mammal (to be exact, I should have said pygmy shrew). I was taken up on this point by a gamekeeper, who declared that the smallest British mammal is the ranny. Being always open to correction, I looked this up. We were both right. A ranny is a shrew. It is the local name for the common shrew in Yorkshire, Norfolk, Scotland and other places in Britain. Other local names are blind mouse, hardy mouse, pig mouse and a score of variants on these. Incidentally, the pygmy or lesser shrew is known as the ranny mouse, among other things. It is doubtful if it would have helped as between the gamekeeper and myself if I had used the name *Sorex araneus* for the common shrew (or *Sorex minutus* for the pygmy shrew), but it does help as between zoologists or naturalists, and it certainly is the only road to clarity as between zoologists of different nationalities.

When first I started the study of zoology, the question was put to me by a friend, much my senior in years: Why do scientists have to use these strange names? Why, he asked, could not the common English names be used? He was, by the way, proud of exhibiting to visitors the very fine flowers he grew—*Antirrhinum* and *Delphinium*! At the time, I was much impressed by his arguments, but have learned better since. This brings me back to the argument about our smallest mammal. Probably every country in Europe has a different name for what we call the common shrew. And doubtless every one of these countries has each its local variants, just as we have here. It was to meet precisely this situation that early naturalists described their plants and animals, using Latin as a *lingua franca*. From this usage Linnaeus, in 1758, stabilised the system of nomenclature, since in general use throughout the world.

There is another side to the picture. The structure, mode of life, physiology and behaviour of every species of plant or animal are different from those of any other species, no matter how closely they may be related. Where such fine distinctions, as between the physiology or behaviour, are in question, accuracy of identification is vital to the study. It is almost as ludicrous to publish an account of the physiology of an earthworm, without stating precisely which of the scores of species of earthworms was investigated, as it would be to describe the appearance or character of a man and expect it to do for the whole human race. Yet this is precisely what has happened many times in the past, with resulting confusion. Indeed, our literature is cluttered up with many of these so-called scientific treatises, hardly worth the paper they are printed on.

The task of naming, identifying and classifying precisely the species of plants and animals is known

as the science of taxonomy. It is one of the most difficult—and thankless—of tasks, and carries few honours and rewards, except the reward of a job well done. Yet the science of biology could make no progress, only confusion could result, without those who pursue it with such patience and diligence. Many workers throughout the world are spending their whole lives endeavouring to bring order into this particular study. Already some two million species of plants and animals have been made known, named and accurately described. Each year the descriptions of hundreds more appear in the scientific journals,

Dr. A. F. Millidge, science master and chemist respectively. "British Spiders," by Locket and Millidge (published by the Ray Society, London; 27s. 6d.), has been long awaited. The book itself contains the descriptions of 205 species of British spiders, and a further volume on the 362 remaining species is being prepared for publication in the near future.

"British Spiders" begins with an introductory chapter by Dr. W. S. Bristowe, who gives a detailed and interesting account of the history in this country of the study of spiders, or aranology. Then the joint authors take up the theme, beginning with notes on the collection, preservation and examination of

spiders. This is followed by a study of their external anatomy, after which the main purpose of the book is laid out, the description of the families, genera and species, with keys to aid in their identification. There is a full bibliography and an index, and the book is illustrated throughout with excellent drawings. The authors are to be congratulated on the product of their toil.

There is a tendency, among biologists and laymen alike, to be satisfied, once a plant or an animal has been correctly named, that the end has been reached. It is, however, only the beginning, the means to an end. Now that Locket and Millidge have made it possible to name correctly at least 205 of our native species, and when they have revised the remaining 362 species, it is to be hoped that they, or others profiting from their work and their example, will take the study further. There is, for example, very little in this present volume, about the webs of spiders or their cocoons. These are, however, usually more obvious than the animals that make them, with the qualification, of course, that not all spiders spin webs, but even the hunting spiders spin cocoons. It should be possible to identify spiders by either the webs or the cocoons. In some ways these products of the spinnerets are even more interesting than the animals themselves. We may find, for example, that the webs of two closely-related orb-spiders are apparently identical, until we look

SOME OF THE MANY KINDS OF SPIDER COCOONS FOUND IN THIS COUNTRY:
(1) A FEMALE OF A SPECIES OF LYCOSID (OR WOLF SPIDER) CARRYING HER COCOON; (2) COCOON OF *Araneus cucurbitina* (A GREEN SPIDER) ON A SYCAMORE LEAF; (3) THE BEAUTIFULLY SYMMETRICAL COCOON OF *Agroeca brunnea*, CONTAINING SOME FIFTY EGGS, SUSPENDED FROM THE BARK OF A TREE; (4) A COCOON OF *Pisaura mirabilis*, A TENT-LIKE STRUCTURE OF SILK ON THE HEADS OF HEATHER; (5) A COCOON OF *Tegenaria atrica*, ONE OF THE HOUSE SPIDERS, SUSPENDED FROM A CEILING NEAR THE WEB; (6) A COCOON OF A SPECIES OF *Theridion* SUSPENDED FROM A GRASS STEM.

Spiders lay their eggs in cocoons spun in silk. Some cocoons are simple, consisting of heads of grass drawn together and bound in silken threads; others take on beautifully symmetrical shapes. Web-spinning spiders spin or suspend their cocoons in the vicinity of the web. The female hunting spiders carry them attached to the abdomen. On this page Dr. Burton discusses two volumes describing the species of British spiders, but as it is the cocoons that are most commonly seen by the general naturalist, it is hoped that a further volume describing these may be written.

Photographs by Harold Bastin.



and we are not yet in sight of the end, except in a few instances. It is, for example, unlikely that many new species of birds remain to be discovered. In mammals, too, there is some approach to finality. But this can be said of few other groups. Particularly among the lower animals and plants, there is still a long way to go.

When all is said and done, even the publication of descriptions of plants and animals is not the end. The next step is to make these available to the general naturalist in a usable form. When this is done, be it only for a group of plants or animals found in one country, there is a justifiable satisfaction at another milestone reached. We have had recently presented to us such a work by Mr. G. N. Locket and

into them closely. Then we find that they differ in some small, but well-defined point, so that, once identified, we need never be in doubt, after examining the web, or the cocoon, which species has made it.

It would be churlish to say anything that might detract in even a small particular from the excellent results achieved by Locket and Millidge. Nevertheless, it will be a triumph indeed when the Ray Society, which exists for the sole purpose of publishing books of this nature, can place beside their two volumes others giving a complete description of the webs and cocoons of British spiders and, we hope, all that is known of the habits and behaviour of this most interesting group of invertebrates.

BRITAIN'S NEW AIRCRAFT: THE "SWIFT"; "VALIANT"; AND AVRO 707B.



RECENTLY DEMONSTRATED IN PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE AVRO 707B DELTA-WINGED AIRCRAFT DESIGNED FOR RESEARCH AT THE LOWER SPEEDS.



FIRST OF THE NEW SWEPT-WING FIGHTERS TO GO INTO QUANTITY PRODUCTION FOR THE R.A.F.: THE VICKERS SUPERMARINE SWIFT IN FLIGHT.

On this page we illustrate three types of aircraft which have recently been brought to public notice and show that Britain's aircraft designers and builders are still leading the world in the production of military types and in research. The Avro 707B delta-winged research aircraft was publicly demonstrated for the first time on August 2 at Dunsfold Airfield, Surrey, and its triangular wings, which are likely to be a feature of the high-speed, high-altitude aircraft of the future, attracted much attention. A. V. Roe and Company have built three of this type: the 707, which was lost in an accident, the 707B, designed for research at lower speeds, and the 707A, designed for transonic speed research, which can be recognised by the air intakes in the wing-roots. On



SUPERIOR TO THE CANBERRA IN RANGE, SPEED ALTITUDE AND LOAD-CARRYING CAPACITY: THE VICKERS 660 VALIANT—BRITAIN'S FIRST FOUR-ENGINED HEAVY JET BOMBER.

August 1, M.: Arthur Henderson, Secretary of State for Air, said in the Commons that the Vickers 660 Valiant, Britain's first four-engined (Rolls-Royce Avon) jet bomber, would give this country the lead in the field of heavy jet bombers, and that it was superior to the Canberra light jet bomber in many ways. It was also recently announced that a new British fighter, the Swift, had successfully completed its first flights at the Ministry of Supply Experimental Establishment at Boscombe Down. Designed and built by the Supermarine Works of Vickers-Armstrongs Limited, it is powered with a Rolls-Royce Avon engine and will be the first of the new swept-wing fighters to go into production for the R.A.F.



CHAIRED AS BARD BY THE ARCHDRUID (RIGHT) AT THE ROYAL WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD

AT LLANRWST ON AUGUST 9: MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS OF MAESTEG.

There were nineteen entrants for the Bardic Chair contest at the Royal Welsh National Eisteddfod. The choice of subjects was between "The Valley" and "The Land of Hiraethog," and the winner, Mr. Brinley Richards, chose the former. The Chair was the gift of the Patagonian Welsh. The Crown was won by Mr. T. Glynne Davies, one of the three youngest bards ever to gain it. The subjects were "Llewelyn the Great" and "Ruins"; and for his poem in 300 lines of free verse, he chose the latter.

THE NOVEL AND THE TRADITIONAL: CEREMONY, DISCOVERY, ACHIEVEMENT.

CROWNED AS BARD BY THE ARCHDRUID
AT THE ROYAL WELSH NATIONAL
EISTEDDFOD AT LLANRWST ON AUG. 7:
MR. T. GLYNNE DAVIES, 25-YEAR-OLD
JOURNALIST, OF CORRIS.BEFORE ITS ASCENT TO 135 MILES: THE VIKING ROCKET
AT THE WHITE SANDS PROVING GROUNDS.

The U.S. Department of the Navy announced on August 7 that a Viking rocket had, during a test at the White Sands Proving Grounds, New Mexico, risen to a height of 135 miles, breaking all previous altitude records for single-stage rockets. It stayed in the air ten minutes, and at the peak reached an estimated speed of 4100 m.p.h.

THE HECKINGTON EIGHT-SAILED WINDMILL, DATING FROM
1830, BELIEVED TO BE THE ONLY ONE OF THE KIND NOW
IN USE. IT IS REPORTED THAT THE SAILS ARE TO BE
REMOVED AND AN ENGINE SUBSTITUTED.A NOVEL AND HIGHLY ROMANTIC FORM OF POWER AS
EMPLOYED IN FLORIDA: A YOUNG AMERICAN BATHER
AND HER PET DOG TOWED ON A SURF-BOARD BY
A DOLPHIN IN HARNESS."GEORGE WASHINGTON," MOST PROBABLY THE LOST PORTRAIT
BY ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON: PRESENTED TO SULGRAVE MANOR BY
THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

The Earl of Buchan has presented the portrait of George Washington which we illustrate to Earl Spencer, Chairman of the Sulgrave Manor Board, to hang in Sulgrave, the ancestral Washington home. In 1791, the 11th Earl of Buchan wrote to his kinsman George Washington, for a portrait of him by Archibald Robertson (1765-1835), and this was eventually sent. In 1939 the Keeper of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery enquired for it, and was convinced that a portrait at Almondale House, catalogued as "A Naval Officer," represented Washington. Experts are now of the opinion that this painting is the portrait by Robertson done for the 11th Earl of Buchan. This is based on stylistic grounds and on comparison with known miniatures by Archibald Robertson by the Washingtons.

THE CLAN MACKINTOSH GATHERING AT MOY HALL, HISTORIC HOME OF THE CHIEFS,
ON AUGUST 4: THE CLAN CHIEF, REAR-ADmirAL MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH, WITH
MRS. MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH, PRECEDED BY HIS STANDARD BEARER AND PERSONAL PIPER
AND FOLLOWED BY HIS SON AND HEIR, LIEUTENANT R. D. MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH, R.N.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



M. RENÉ PLEVÉN.

Ended the five-week-old French crisis when on August 11 he formed the first French Government since the June elections by obtaining a Parliamentary vote of 390 against 222 for his Coalition Cabinet of Conservative and Centre parties. The new Government, the fifteenth since the Liberation, is the largest of recent years. There are thirty-seven Ministers, including two Vice-Premiers.



MR. STEPHEN EARLY.

Died on August 11 at the age of sixty-one. A well-known and popular journalist and publicity director in Washington, for many years he was Press Secretary to President Roosevelt. After Mr. Roosevelt's death in 1945 he spent some years in business but returned to Government service in 1949 as Under-Secretary of Defence.



PROFESSOR A. V. HILL, C.H.

Elected President of the British Association for 1952. He won the Nobel Prize for Physiology and Medicine in 1922; and has been Foulerton Research Professor, Royal Society, since 1926. Secretary of the Royal Society 1935-45, he was appointed a Companion of Honour in 1946. He was a member of the War Cabinet Scientific Advisory Committee, 1940-45.



ON ARRIVAL AT NORTHLAND FOR HIS TEN-DAYS VISIT: THE EMIR FEISAL, WITH H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER. The Emir Feisal, Foreign Minister of Saudi Arabia and second son of King Ibn Saud, who arrived in England by air on August 7, was met by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester. On August 8 he had talks with Mr. Morrison, and was that evening the guest of honour at a dinner which the Foreign Secretary gave in his honour.

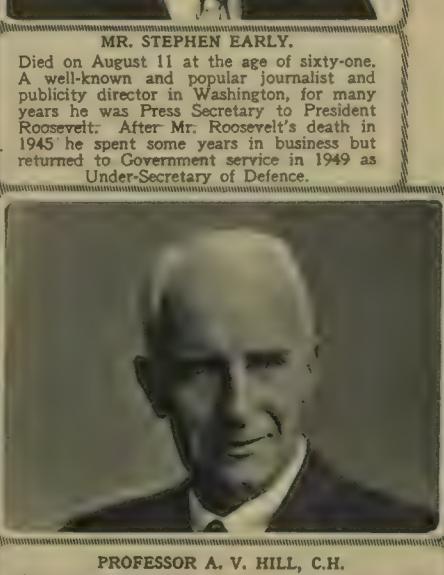


THREE FAMOUS SHEEPDOGS AND THE TROPHIES THEY HAVE WON:

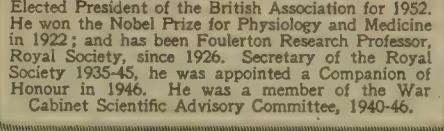
PAT, JESS AND MAC, WITH THEIR MASTER, MR. E. A. PRIESTLEY. Mr. E. A. Priestley, of Shattock, Bamford, Derbyshire, a well-known sheepdog trials competitor, can be seen in our photograph with three of his famous dogs. Among the trophies arrayed on the table (left) are an International Cup and two International Blue Ribbons. Londoners had an opportunity of seeing Mr. Priestley handling his dogs at the International Sheep Dog Trials in Hyde Park at the beginning of June.



MAJ.-GEN. D. DUNLOP.
G.O.C. Singapore District at the time of the Bertha Herdtog riots, has been praised in the report of the Singapore Riots Inquiry Commission for saving, by his foresight and prompt action, a situation "which constituted a grave threat."



MR. J. D. JACOBS.
Died on August 2, aged 74. A City of London solicitor, he was senior partner of Nicholson, Graham and Jones, and chairman of several companies. He was a Freeman of the City of London and a member of the Worshipful Company of Solicitors.

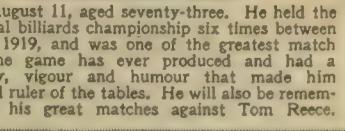


SIR CHARLES PEAKE.

Appointed British Ambassador to Greece in succession to Sir Clifford Norton, who is retiring at the age of sixty. Sir Charles Peake has been British Ambassador to Belgrade since 1946, and was principal British delegate to the International Conference on the Danube, 1948. He was Political Adviser to the Supreme Commander, Allied Expeditionary Force, 1944-45.

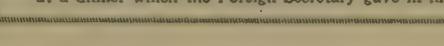
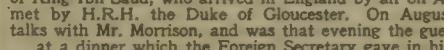
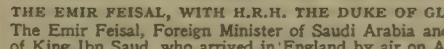


THE TEHERAN OIL TALKS: MR. STOKES, THE LORD PRIVY SEAL (LEFT), LEADER OF THE BRITISH MISSION TO PERSIA, WITH DR. MOSSADEQ, THE PERSIAN PRIME MINISTER.



MR. MELBOURNE INMAN.

Died on August 11, aged seventy-three. He held the professional billiards championship six times between 1908 and 1919, and was one of the greatest match players the game has ever produced and had a personality, vigour and humour that made him undisputed ruler of the tables. He will also be remembered for his great matches against Tom Reece.



NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THE essential character of some novels, perhaps of most, is fairly easy to describe. It is a question of solidity in part; the heavier and more prosaic merits are the least volatile. But now and then we meet a story as unfavourable to abstraction as a mouthful of air; try to sum up and the effect is lost. "Living On Yesterday," by Edith Templeton (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.), has this evaporating charm; not in reality for lack of substance, but because the touch is so exquisite.

In other hands it might have been a worthy and a solid book. The setting—Prague between the wars—could have been well and truly laboured, for the author knows all about it. And there was no need for the action to appear so slender. It is the story of a domineering female, with ambitions of a rather old-fashioned type. The Baroness Kreslov is immensely rich, and she is out for blood; alas, her husband's title was derived from timber "just before twelve o'clock." So far, her social weapons have been entertaining and charity. But this routine, however vigorously prosecuted, can achieve no more, and she has no illusions on the point. Now it is Hedwig's turn. The Kreslov daughters are a miracle of training: Alexandrine ranks as a "sweet child," but Hedwig has already graduated as a "charming young girl." Backed by her father's wealth, she should go all the way. And in the nick of time, the very man appears on the horizon. He is Count Szalay, a young Hungarian of ancient race and infinite appeal: exiled and dispossessed, indeed, but all the likelier to value a rich wife. The Baroness has had designs upon him from the instant that she heard tell of him.

And he responds as smoothly as can be. Hedwig is captivated, and the Baroness has her reward. Yet all the time her situation is a web of irony. Indeed, through life she has been broad awake to everything but what it most concerned her to see. Others are conscious of a fleeting doubt about the young Hungarian—a fleeting but recurring doubt; only the Baroness swallows him entire. Worse still, she never can perceive that bossing may defeat its object. Her brother was provoked into an unlucky marriage solely by her attempts to rescue him, yet no conclusion occurred to her. Hedwig's reaction under training has been much the same; yet far from guessing that the model daughter is a mutineer, she won't believe it as a plain statement. And her project works out accordingly.

This theme might easily have been developed at some length, to read like sundry novels we have read before. But here it is pure style and essence. The local colour is pervasive, not "laid on." The plot seems to convey itself, with just the needful touches, almost no comment, and an agreeable reliance on our understanding. So there is always time for social grace-notes and the byplay of minor characters. These people come to life at once, for they can all talk—and what is more, in singularly winning tones. We start off with the Baroness's brother, and it seems at first that his attraction will be irreplaceable; yet no, Baron Kreslov with his millions and his ulcers is a fair substitute. They all have this beguiling note, and humour springs from them or plays around them incessantly.

"Full Fathom Five," by Ahmad Kamal (Falcon Press; 8s. 6d.), is almost ludicrously different in every way. Its men are men—they dive for sponges in the Gulf of Mexico. Its incidents are mostly savage. While as for style, it has the impact of a hammer in a practised hand.

And it reminds me of the magic apple which was good on one side and poisoned on the other. The good half is the setting in its widest sense: the life and economic problems of the sponge-fishers, their hidden world and strange encounters in the deep. This is, of course, a violent bid for our attention, but it comes off; the scenes are really felt and brilliantly described.

The poison-half is the story. It is a mixture of brutality and sentiment, of a familiar type and very competently done, but the reverse of nourishing. Alek, the hero and narrator, has a doting fondness for his young brother Paul. He has arranged for Paul to have the best of everything, including Evee; Paul is not asked, but so far he has tagged along. But then he goes to war, and being American returns a changed man. Alek is baffled for a while, then jumps to a conclusion and resolves to beat him—literally—into health and happiness. For those who try to intervene he has two arguments, yelling and knocking down. Of course, he has guessed wrong, and orgies of remorse await him, but he was prompted only by excess of feeling. Everyone understands, and all comes right—and briefly, it is all nonsense.

"Fear of Death," by Anna Mary Wells (Wingate; 10s. 6d.), may be described shortly as a psychopathic thriller. U. S. Adams is a meek man—pre-eminently meek and mild and long-suffering. Everyone calls him Sam or Uncle, and he can't stop them; in fact, he wouldn't dare to try. But though a dim supporting rôle in life has its humiliations, Sam is cut out for it, and pretty thriving on the whole. In his employer Lyle Duquesne, the owner of the *Liberal Weekly*, he has a born superior to reverence, and he in turn is liked, though not revered, by most of the staff.

Then on a fatal impulse of revolt he pushes Lyle out of the window. No one suspects. The police think it was suicide, and Sam becomes a man of wealth and influence. But that one push has made a chaos of his inner life. It starts delusions of superiority and a belief that he is "deadly when roused," yet on the other hand it gnaws at him till he is powerless to let well alone. His meek, mild personality has gone astray, and he can find no other. The story is deftly handled, but it is trying too many things at once. The parts are better than the whole.

"Not Wanted on Voyage," by Nancy Spain (Hutchinson; 9s. 6d.), tries nearly everything at once, and gets away with it. The good ship *Comet*, sailing to Madeira, has a bad name, but only for importing heroin. And that is hardly worth talking of. When Miriam Birdseye, the discreet detective, joins it with her friend Pyke, they run into a storm, a couple of atrocious murders, and a raving maniac—besides the heroin, of course. And love, and literature in some peculiar forms, and an unfathomable little girl. . . . Then, to avoid the tedium of clearing up, there is a mad captain, who takes the sensible and shortest line. The whole concoction is preposterous and full of truths, and shot with beauty as well.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

GIANTS OF THE PAST.

I SUPPOSE there is no better-loved figure in the world of sport to-day than Sir Pelham Warner ("P. F. Warner" of prep-school, dab-cricket days, before initiates taught us to call him "Plum"). So I predict a wide and well-deserved sale for his autobiography, "Long Innings" (Harrap; 15s.). "Plum" Warner was lucky to have first witnessed and then taken a prominent part in the "Golden Age" of cricket, which stretched from about 1893 to the outbreak of World War I. It scarcely needs Sir Pelham's urbane and evocative pen to bring those giants alive again. For some reason the period immediately before one's own always seems to be invested with particular greatness. The head of the house, the captain of cricket of one's first year—these were heroic figures, whereas one's contemporaries shrank to puniness. Thus, for my generation, it is the period of which Sir Pelham chiefly writes, and in which he lived and moved and had his cricketing being, which achieves the adjective "golden," even without his dignified imprimatur. Larwood may have been fast, but was he really as fast as Kortright, of whom our elders told us tales which made us round-eyed with awe? Len Hutton may be the finest and most dependable bat to-day—but could he really compare with our personal hero, Jack Hobbs, or the Doctor and Ranji, with whom Sir Pelham was on terms of familiarity? (Ranji, who was so great a hero to our pedagogues that he even found himself worked into a Latin prose?) So when Sir Pelham looks back over the years long dead, grass becomes green again at the loving hands of long-vanished groundsmen and the heroes of the long past, and the immediate past are conjured up out of the Valhalla of his excellent memory to march past with the great cricketers of the day. The Oxford undergraduate of to-day is a most serious-minded young man. He lives plainly and thinks, if not highly, at all events continuously of the hard world of Pay-As-You-Earn which awaits him. When Sir Pelham went up to Oriel he could have "dinner and a very good one at Vincent's Club was only 2s. 6d., a bottle of champagne 9s. 6d. to 12s. 6d., and we were allowed twelve penny stamps a day free—plus a glass of beer in the morning!" I fear that the young amateurs of to-day will not be able to write their autobiographies in fifty years' time with anything like the cultured benignity of Sir Pelham—for this delightful book is "Wisden" with the vintage port.

Another, and most curious, autobiography (now republished) is "The Memoirs of the Life of Daniel Mendoza," edited by Paul Magriel (Batsford; 18s.). Of all the great prize-fighters of the latter end of the eighteenth century, Daniel Mendoza is one of the most interesting. For Daniel Mendoza was an East End Jew who became the first Jewish Champion of England, the friend of the Prince Regent, and one of the most vivid writers on boxing that have ever lived. Mendoza belonged to the great age of bare-fist fighting, the age of Belcher and Molineux, the Game Chicken and John Jackson, Dutch Sam and that great fighter, Tom Crib.

From childhood in the East End Mendoza, always he explains, from the highest motives of chivalry or honour (but actually, one suspects, for the sheer devil of it), could not keep out of fights. On one occasion a passer-by who was one of the ring of spectators which formed so quickly and spontaneously in those days, watched him thrash a porter outside the tea-dealers where Mendoza was working. The stranger proved to be none other than the great Richard Humphreys at the height of his fame. The meeting was of the utmost importance for Mendoza. Humphreys proved the raw material of his career—first by taking him up and then, after their quarrel, by giving him the three great battles, written as well as fistic (for Mendoza was an early master of the art of publicity), which made them immortal. Mendoza's vanity in the end was his downfall, for his last big fight was with John Jackson who, seizing the mop of hair which he affected, pummelled him into submission in the short time of seventeen minutes. Vain, spendthrift, self-righteous as he was, Mendoza was nevertheless a notable figure. His friendship with the Prince Regent (when George III. asked him down to Windsor, it was the first time for centuries that any Jew had spoken to the King of England) raised the status of the whole community in this country. He could also most certainly write. These memoirs, excellently edited by the American writer Paul Magriel, are a notable and curious addition to the history of boxing.

About the time that Mendoza was still at the height of his fame, the first Samuel Whitbread was having the family home of the Byng family—Southill, in Bedfordshire—redesigned (rebuilt would perhaps be a more accurate description) for him by Henry Holland, the inspired architect of Brooks' and Carlton House. Major Samuel Whitbread—number five of the line, if my mathematics are correct—has produced a description of his family home under the title "Southill: A Regency House" (Faber; 25s.). I use the word "home" advisedly. For it is evident that the charm of what must be one of the most charming houses in England resides in the fact that Pope's lines on Blenheim—

"Thanks, Sirs," I cried, "'tis very fine
But where d' ye sleep and where d' ye dine?
I find by all that ye've been telling
That 'tis a house but not a dwelling."

could never be applied to Southill. I can do no more than say that that great authority on Georgian England, Professor A. E. Richardson, is *primus inter pares* of a team of eminent contributors and that the illustrations of the exterior, interior, furniture and paintings are such that I must warn Major Whitbread that I intend to cadge permission to see over Southill at the earliest moment he will let me.

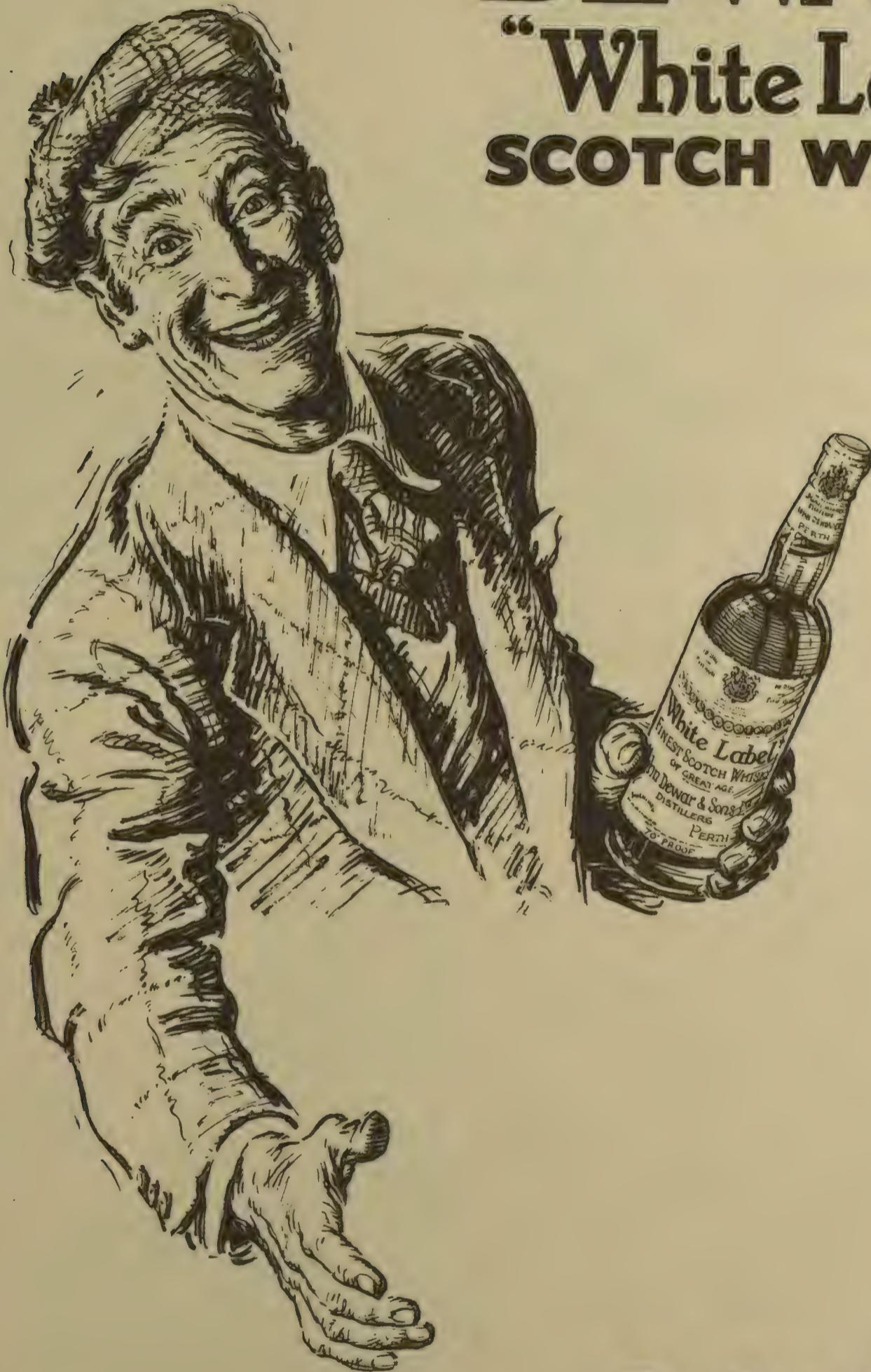
And now I see that I have left myself no space to do more than recommend to tourist and historian alike "Rome Alive," by Christopher Kininmonth (Lehmann; 18s.), most beautifully illustrated with photographs by John Deakin.

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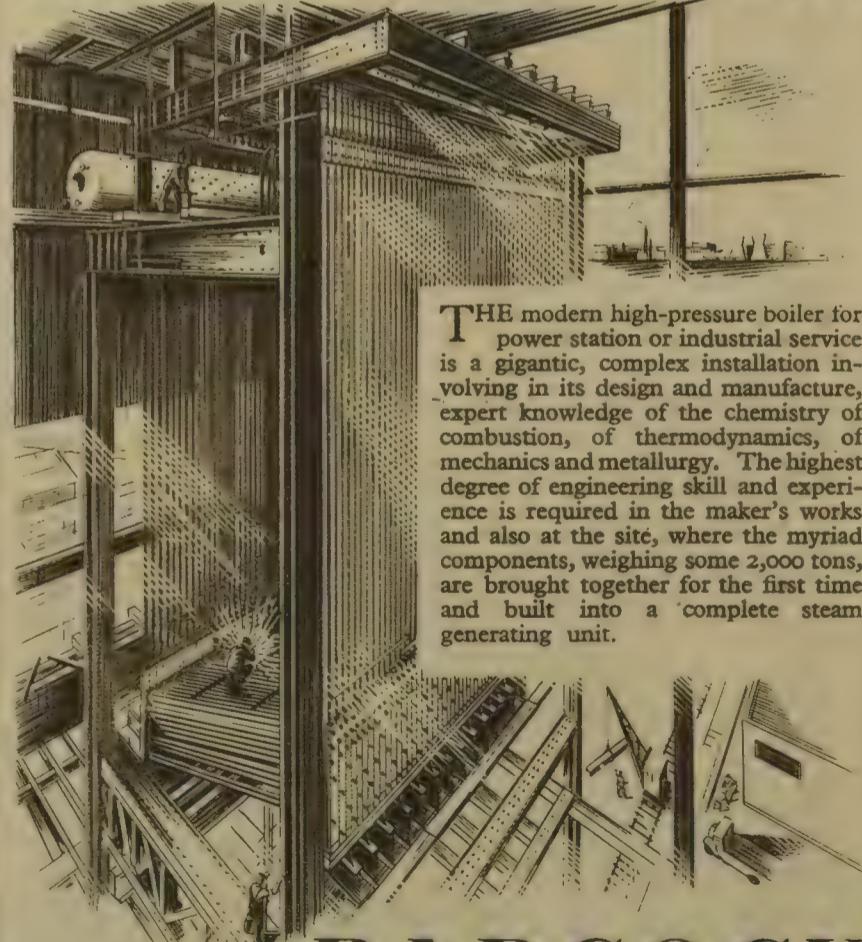


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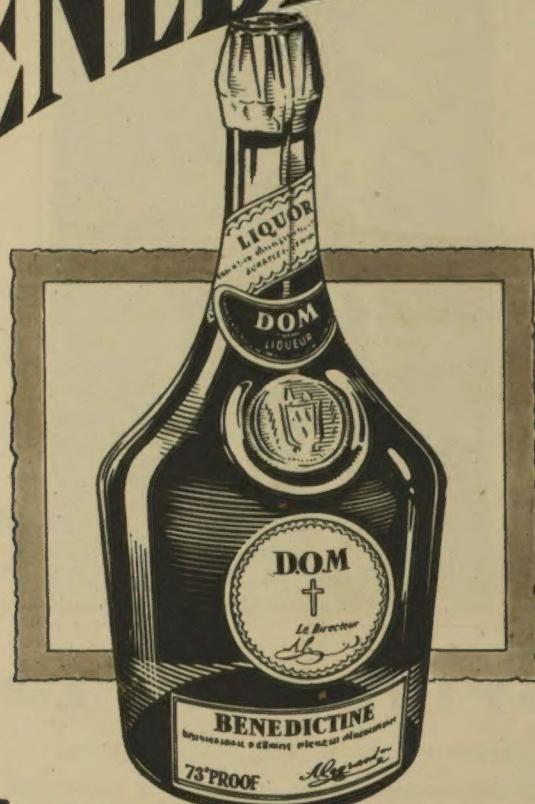
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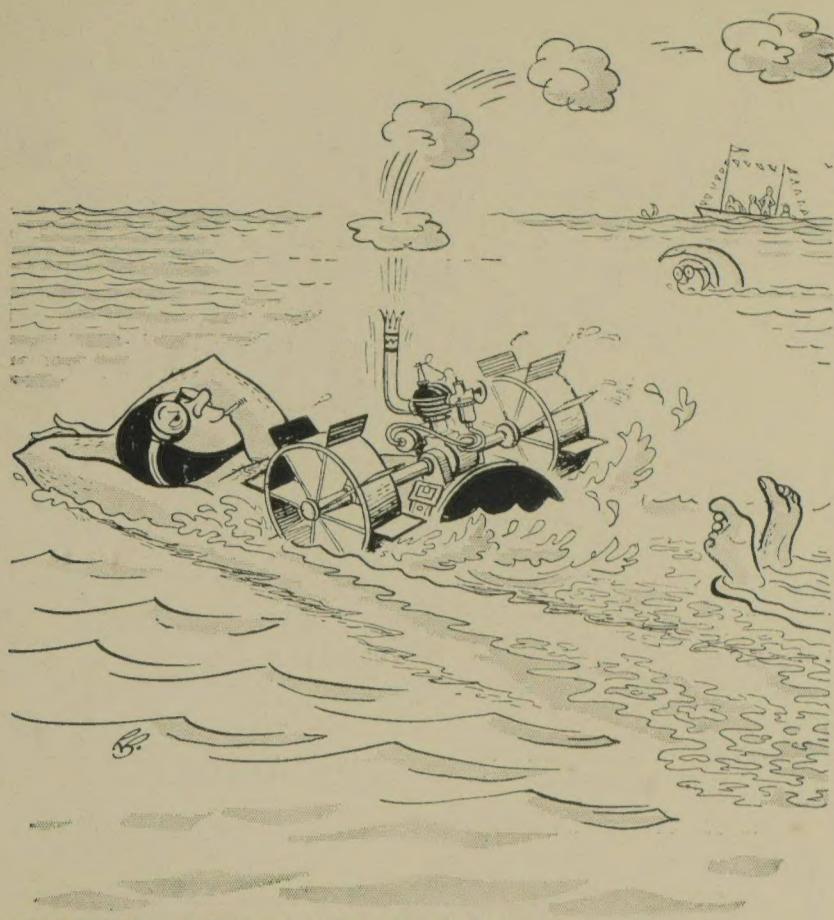
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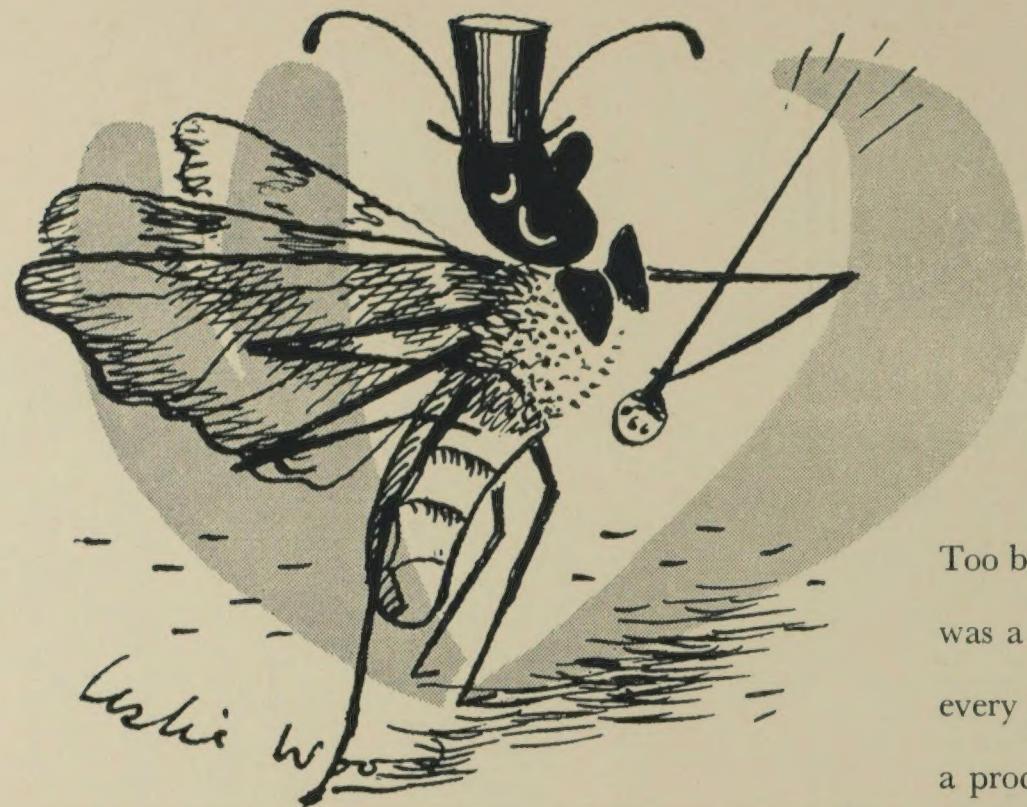
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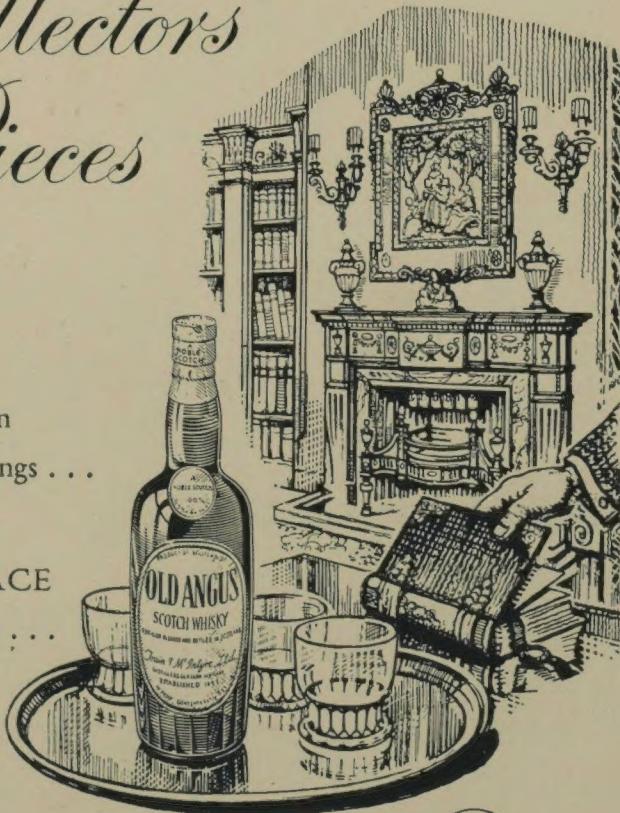
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